MAC

Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 25, 1961 / 25¢

RECORDINGS

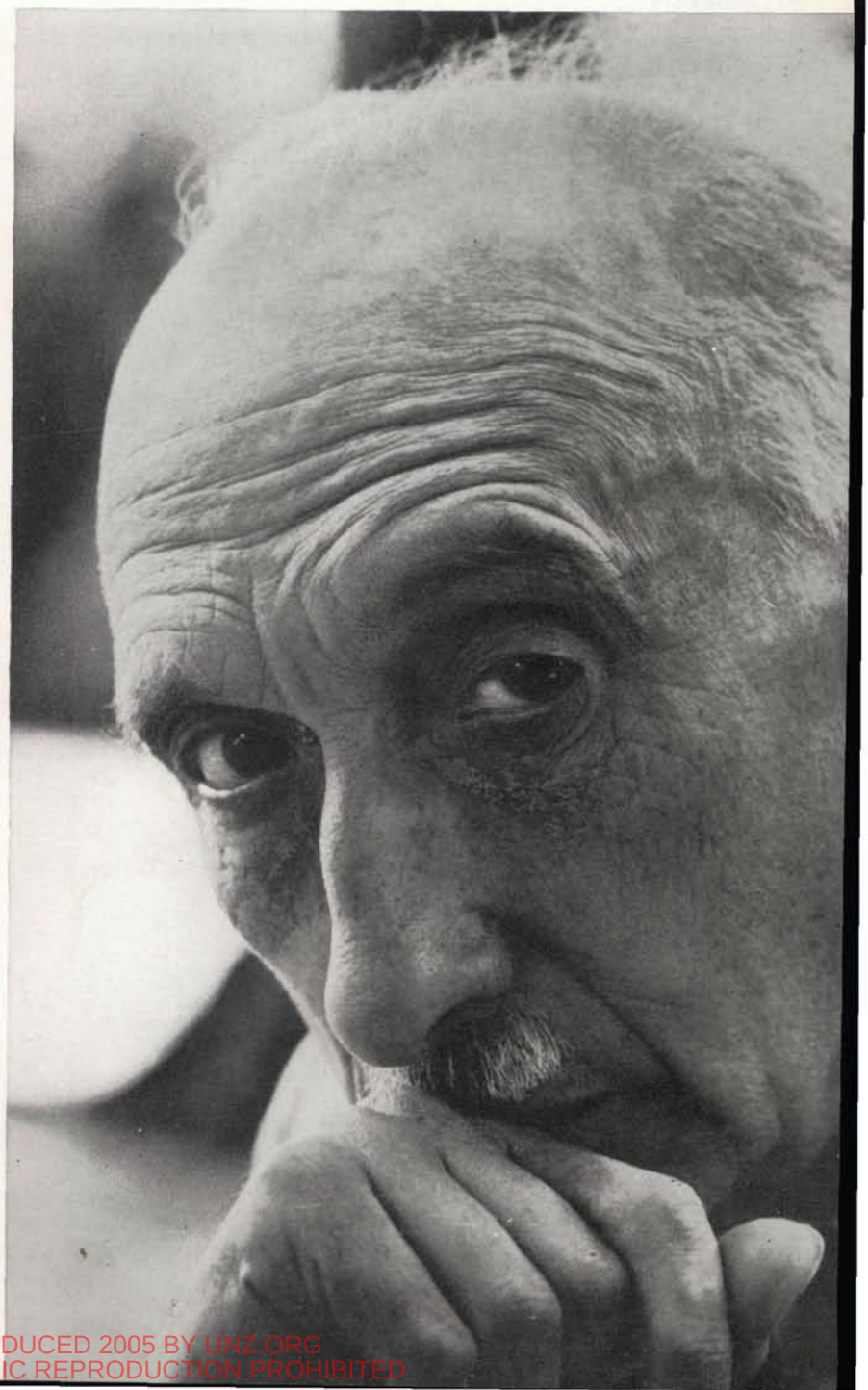
Arthur Mayer's Report on Hollywood:

GROWING PAINS OF A SHRINKING INDUSTRY

ILLIAM SAROYAN:
hy Does a Writer Write?

AN HOLCMAN:
uet for Three Hands

Francois Mauriac, author of "Memoires Interieurs" and "Second Thoughts: Reflections on Literature and on Life"
(See Books)



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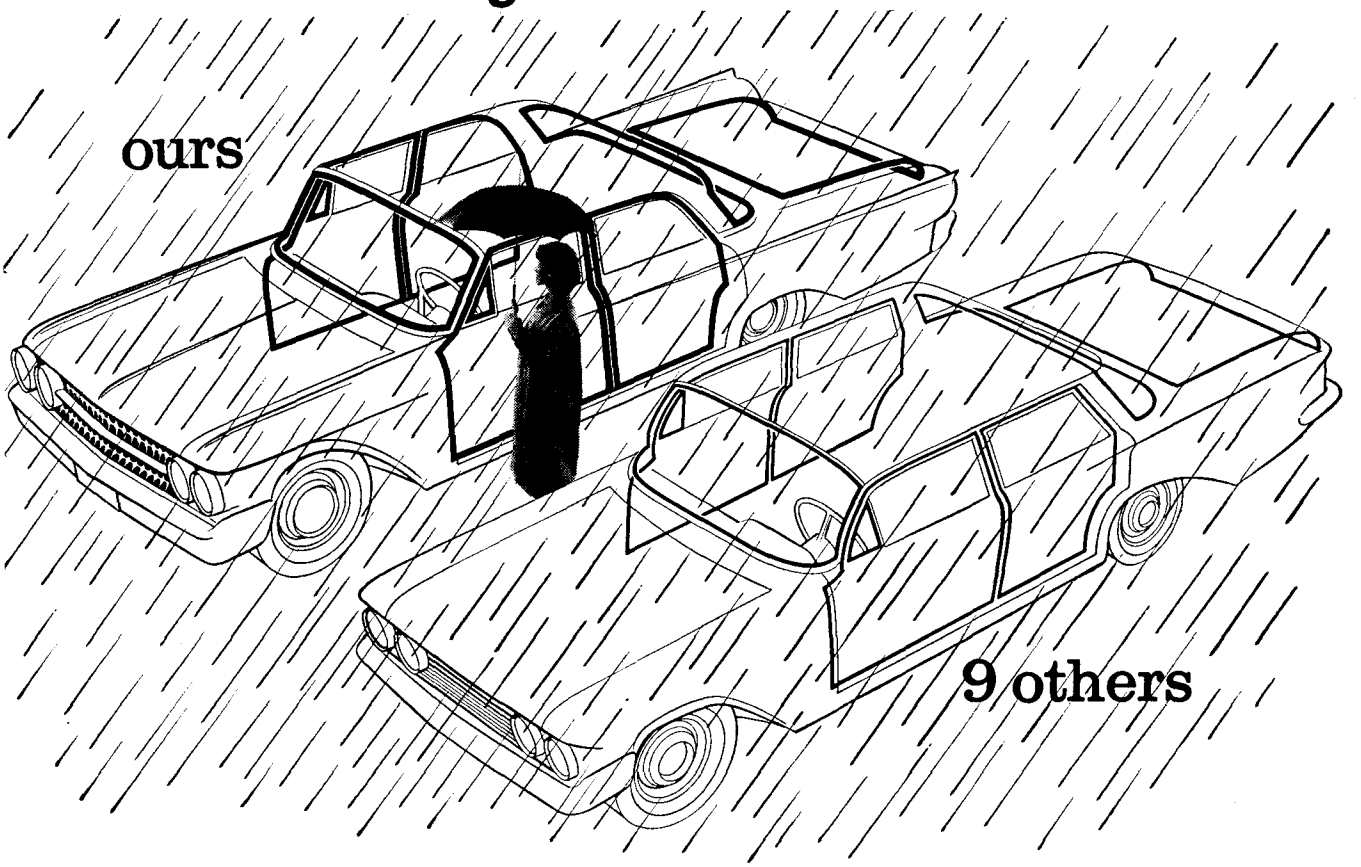

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(Advertisement)

It seems to me that American novelists, by and large, write best about war when they're most serious. Conversely, British authors excel at writing war novels spiced with humor. Before everyone starts objecting, I'd like to illustrate the second half of this shaky theory by presenting an example of British war fiction at its best—"Villa Mimosa," a new novel by Jerrard Tickell.

Mr. Tickell's story takes place in Normandy, just before the 1944 invasion. Among the bunkers and tank traps of *Festung Europa* sits the Villa Mimosa, the only civilian-occupied building near the French coast. To the villa come the lonely German staff officers, to be entertained by six lovely ladies: that's the kind of villa it is. As one might guess, the girls have picked up a considerable amount of useful information from their German visitors. Problem: how can British intelligence get *this information*? Answer: have our overworked special agent kidnap the girls, right from under the noses of the entire German army.

Having posed this unusual situation, Mr. Tickell makes the most of it. In "Villa Mimosa" he has produced a novel that is wildly funny and at the same time chillingly suspenseful, with an air of realism that's never dependent on four-letter words or oceans of gore. I recommend "Villa Mimosa" most highly as a delightful companion for a cold winter's evening; it's equally suitable (and enjoyable) reading under a large umbrella on a sunny beach.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Villa Mimosa," ($3.95) by Jerrard Tickell, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 4 York Street, Hanover, Pennsylvania.

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The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohen, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Consultant; Marion Unay, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLIV, No. 8. February 25, 1961. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature." © 1961 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Convention. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America.

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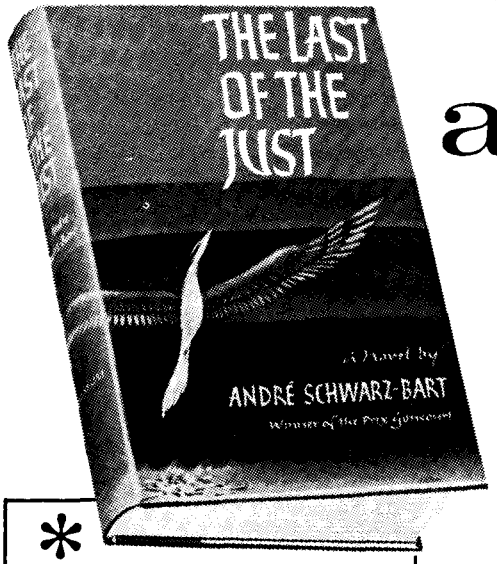

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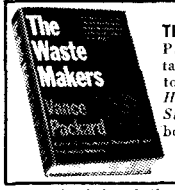

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THE PHOENIX NEST

We have no bananas today

Edited by Martin Levin

TEAR HIM FOR HIS BAD VERSES!

IT WAS the custom of that good Pope, Leo X, to carry a purple velvet purse filled with packets of gold of various sizes. As he walked in the papal gardens he was attended by a swarm of poets, reciting odes, epodes, and palinodes; and good Pope Leo would thrust hand in purse, to reward each good poet with a packet. But, conscious that he held the keys of Peter, to bind and to loose, he did not reward bad poets; he had them whipped.

Such papal justice has fallen into abeyance. No bad poets are now whipped about the Vatican. Nor in the secular world have they aught to fear. We have plenty of prizes for good poets; at most a frown for the bad. And yet what could be more stimulating to lofty poesy than, perhaps, the public scourging of those who submit bad poems to the monthly meetings of the Poetry Society of America?

We have become too polite. In an age of fawning good fellowship, of tenderness toward hemophilic egos, we fear to wound with the medicamented shafts of truth.

It was not ever thus. Even the mob stood ready to enforce its esthetic judgments, as Shakespeare makes clear:

CINNA: Truly, my name is Cinna.
FIRST CITIZEN: Tear him to pieces. He's a conspirator.
CINNA: I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.
FOURTH CITIZEN: Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

We are too damn polite. A man will pay $4.40, $5.50, $6.60 or upward, in arithmetical progression, to see a play which turns out to be frightful. After two hours of pain, he regards the actors, in linked and simpering obeisance before him; and he raises his hands from his lap and hits them together for a brief space. He is a weakling, a traitor to art. His proper course is to rise from his seat and loudly and steadfastly boo.

In old days, manly audiences would not readily be cheated of art. In Molière's time baked apples were sold in the theatre, to serve whether as kickshaws or as missiles. (But what is sold in lobbies now? Popcorn!) For disregarding the Aristotelian unities, Népomucène Lemercier's "Christophe Colomb" (1809) provoked a riot in which one man was killed and several wounded. Victor Hugo's "Hernani" (1830) began with an *enjambement*, or run-on line. This defiance of classic prosody divided the audience into two roaring camps, with fist fights in every row. And even in my own time I remember college audiences howling adverse critical dicta, while pennies rained on the stage.

These manifestations of discriminating taste seem to have disappeared. The writers and producers of bad plays, as of bad art, deserve to suffer, as their spectators and readers have suffered. I would suggest, as a first step, the sale of suitable, but not wounding, projectiles in theatres. Tangerines would be about right; they fit the hand, they cause no abrasions or contusions, and they can always be taken home if the play turns out to be really good. And it would be nice to get the Restoration orange-girls back. Look at what happened to pretty Nelly Gwynn! —MORRIS BISHOP.

• • •

GUESS WHO?

A young Atlas
Who goes hatlas.
—KATHARINE O'BRIEN.

• • •

COME SIT BY MY PATRICIDE

I RECENTLY watched a TV drama which used as its plot the time-tested theme of the mentally disturbed patient, cured of his emotional disturbance by a psychiatrist who realizes that a forgotten childhood desire to kill his father is the basis of the patient's difficulty. The doctor effects a cure through the use of sodium pentothal, with which he is able to take the patient back in time. When the patient is reduced to a mass of quivering protein, the psychiatrist commands him to admit that as a five-year-old child he felt a compulsion to kill his father. Later, in an atmosphere of tweeds and pipe tobacco, the good doctor explains that the patricidal inclinations of childhood are quite normal.

Admittedly, a drama of this sort will

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MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL—from "The Complete Poems and Plays of T. S. Eliot." (see below)

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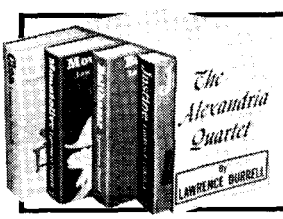

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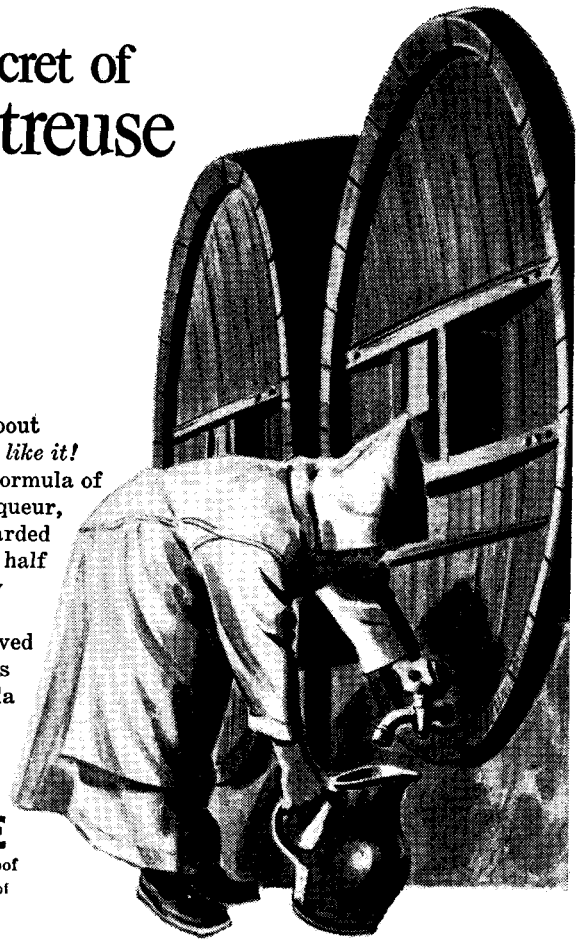

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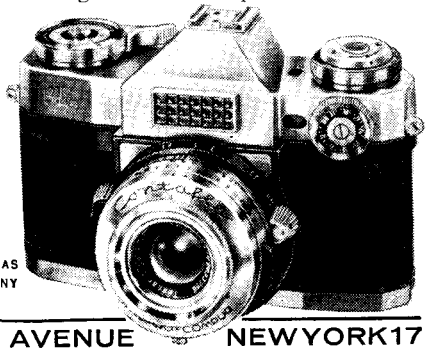

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produce an edge-of-the-seat audience, but, as the father of five children, it troubled me. What of poor Dad in this story? Shouldn't he be the sympathetic character? After all, *he* was the potential victim and, as such, he stood to lose the most. He may have been a mean father or even a wife beater, but at least he had control of his faculties. Is it completely fair to suppose that a five-year-old whelp with premeditated patricide in his dark little soul should develop into a sympathetic adult? I think the father deserves some consideration for the perilous (however brief) existence he led during Junior's formative years. I think that a more realistic production would result if Hollywood and TV gave recognition to Dad's dilemma. Who wants to be the target of an uninhibited five-year-old mind? Especially the father of five children—could *he* find solace in an established medical claim of "normal" by authorities of child behavior? It would afford small comfort, I fear.

As I reflected on this the other evening I glanced about me at my five "normal" children. My three-year-old son for example. Was it merely a coincidence that his metal fire truck fell out of his bedroom window and landed a few inches from me? And my five-year-old—why are her roller skates left at the top of the stairs just before I start down in the morning? And my nine-year-old daughter who wants to be a nurse. Am I the only one who can play the dying patient while she covers my nose and mouth with her toy oxygen mask? (Toy oxygen masks supply no oxygen.) And my twelve-year-old girl who loves to ice skate—why is she always encouraging me to skate out to the middle of the lake? "Don't be foolish Father," she calls from behind me. "The ice isn't too thin there."

My eyes rested longest on my fourteen-year-old son. He is deeply interested in cars and as a result I permit him to tinker with mine. I don't suppose that he has ever tinkered with the brakes, but still I have to depress the pedal all the way to the floor whenever I slow down or stop now.

If inclinations toward patricide are normal for little boys and girls then there ought to be no one more nimble or more alert than a father of a large family. A lethargic father would stand little chance of ever participating in social security benefits.

With these thoughts in mind I called my children around me and asked them point-blank if they loved me.

"Of course, Dad!" they replied in unison.

"Liars!" And with that I ran sobbing from the room.

—FRED R. BACHMANN.

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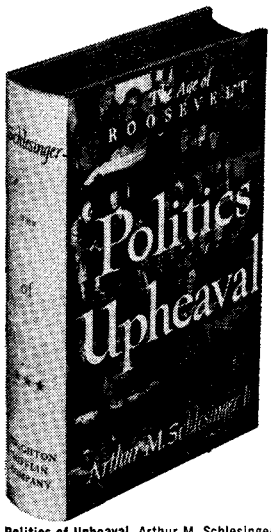

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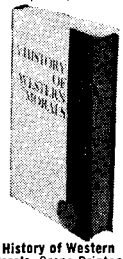

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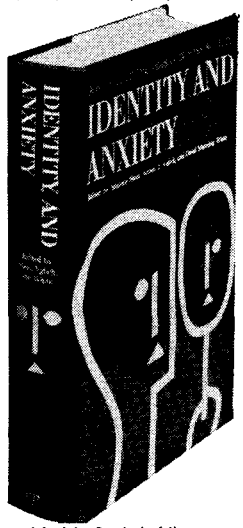

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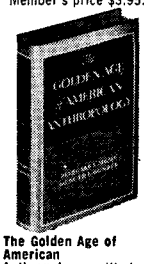

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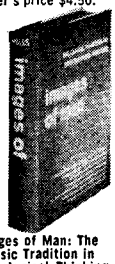

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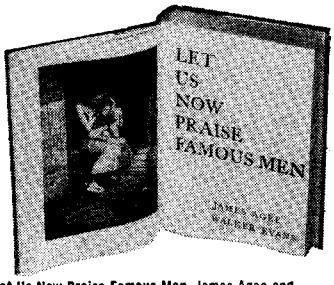

Let Us Now Praise Famous Men, James Agee and Walker Evans. First published in 1941—long out of print, and an eagerly sought collector's item—the reappearance of this celebrated work of American literature and sociology has been hailed as an important event. James Agee described his text as "an independent inquiry into certain normal predicaments of human divinity." This revised and enlarged edition contains 62 probing photographs (twice the original number) and a new foreword about Agee by master photographer Walker Evans. "Deserves a place next to Whitman."—Edwin Seaver. Retail $6.50. Member's price $4.95.

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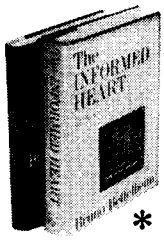

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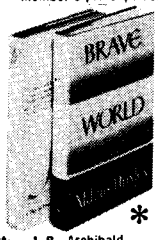

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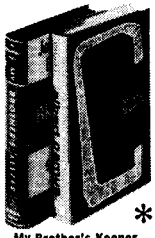

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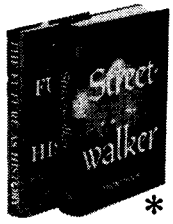

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Lincoln is president. He's a Yankee (Massachusetts), tall, lean, 68. He has been with the company all along, is also president of the Cooperative League and board chairman of CARE, and has been called a "vice president in charge of revolution." That's the title of the book he wrote, with David Karp *(McGraw-Hill, $4.95)*, and the point of the title is that Lincoln believes every big organization should have somebody on the staff to keep things stirred up and (to borrow a phrase) moving ahead, so that the status quo doesn't set in.

It hasn't set in here.

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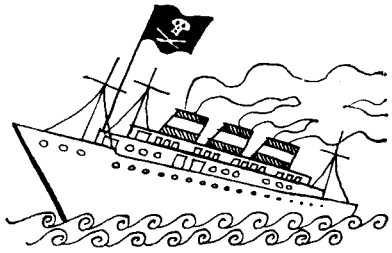
R. J. WATSON, of St. Louis, is the winner of our name-this-column contest. Most of the judges thought his title was somewhat original, relatively sincere, and all right. So that's that, and let's have no unpleasantness.

Mr. Watson will soon receive the handsome 3″ x 5″ Award Certificate, and we hope he'll be happy with it. To everyone else who entered, our thanks, etc., etc.

TRADE Winds

AS IF NEW YORK needed to read about such a frosty topic, Crowell has just published Irving Werstein's chiller, "The Blizzard of '88." It may make New Yorkers feel better to know that, according to the book, some drifts of the big '88 snow didn't disappear until July.

JUST A COUPLE OF years ago Westminster Press brought out a novel for teen-agers by Felix Riesenberg, Jr., titled "The Vanishing Steamer." The subject? A mysterious steamship appears and disappears in the Caribbean, a search is on for the ship, and, of course, the U. S. Navy, aided by helicopters, is the hero of the day. States the jacket copy on the book: ". . . a



whirlwind story of a potentially hazardous situation, far from impossible in these times."

But Henrique Galvao also could have found another blueprint for his *Santa Maria* coup last year in Nat Benchley's hilarious novel "Sail A Crooked Ship," the story of modern pirates on the Hudson River.

AND WHILE WE'RE still on the news front, Burt Kaufman writes us from Boston to say that a friend of his swears that he saw the following headline after the trouble started in Belgium: REVOLT IN BRUSSELLS SPROUTS.

THE PUBLICATION OF Duell, Sloan & Pearce's yarn "Klepty," by Rutherford Montgomery, a story of a kleptomaniac pack-rat, reminds us of the late, great Colonel Stoopnagle's definition of a "mano-kleptiac": a person who goes around putting things back on department store counters.

ANOTHER NEW VOLUME from the same publishing house, "World's Shortest Stories," includes eighty-three writers from twenty-one different countries, which in the opinion of the anthologist, Richard Hubler, are the best *shortest* stories. Which reminds us of the shortest story we recall—it's about scruples: If only Adam had 'em.

IN THE HEART OF TIN PAN ALLEY, on the index board of 1650 Broadway, which is flooded with the names of song pluggers and showbiz enterprises, is the quiet, mystic listing: "Morrison—Universal Philosopher."

KEN THOMAS, out in Illinois, advises us that the call letters of the radio station in Stuttgart, Arkansas, an area famous for its duck hunting, are KWAK.

EDWARD EVERETT TANNER, alias Patrick Dennis, alias Virginia Rowans, all one and the same novelist, is an interesting trio of writers. We dropped by his town house, a converted brownstone, in Manhattan not long ago, and stepped into a handsome studio living room, complete with tapestries, fireplace, chandelier, and a twenty-foot-high ceiling.

"New York brownstones are monsters," he said. "They're ugly as sin. I think they were built with a pastry tube. They all ought to be swept under the rug. I hate every inch of old houses. I like things modern."

But in spite of his penchant for modern design, the author of "Auntie Mame," "The Loving Couple," and, most recently, "Love and Mrs. Sargeant" has his house filled with a dramatic collection of Second Empire furnishings.

"All this," he said with a sweeping gesture to take in the handsome chandelier and other furniture, "is a collection of thirty-six miserable pieces which were assembled *en suite* in Paris in 1860, and which my wife Louise inherited. We rescued them from storage, where they were rotting, and this is the result. Magnificent chaos. My mother-in-law has so much of this stuff that you can hardly thread your way across her living room."

Patrick Tanner began writing under his pseudonyms of Patrick Dennis and Virginia Rowans because he was a little concerned about the reaction of his employer, a conservative magazine, at the time he first began writing.

"Strangest thing is," he said, "that each of the two pseudonyms writes in a different style. Don't ask me why. Virginia is more thoughtful. Patrick is more slap-dash. I guess that's why he wrote 'Auntie Mame.' I picked the name 'Dennis' out of the phone book, and Virginia came off a pack of cigar-

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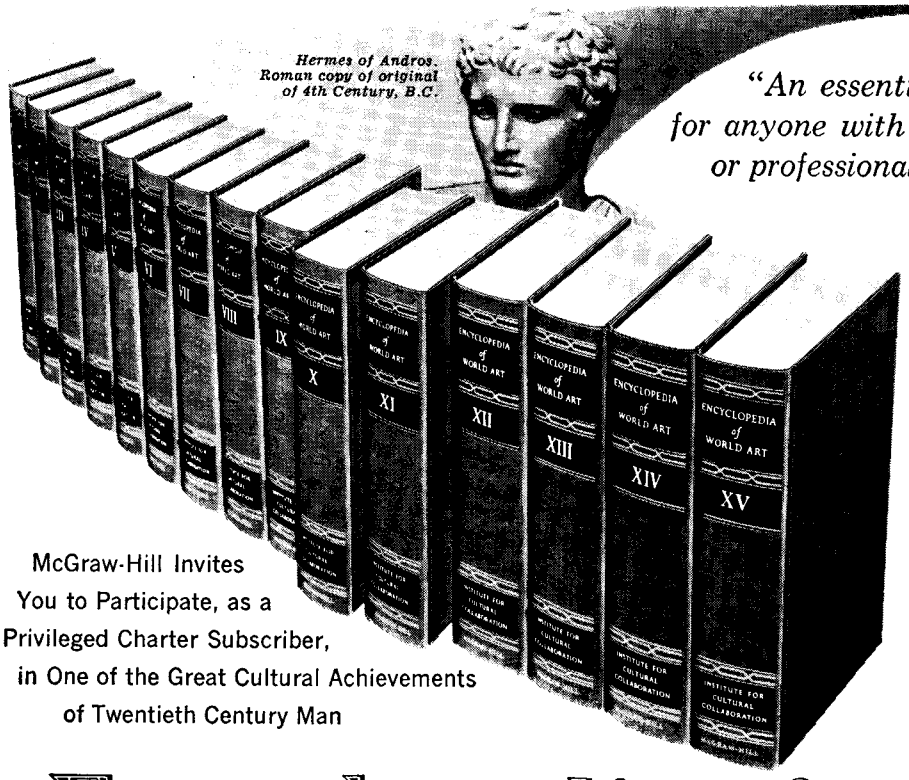

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ettes—Virginia Rounds. I figured 'Rounds' didn't quite sound right, so I changed that to 'Rowans.' Virginia is showing good promise with 'Love and Mrs. Sargeant,' for which I am happy. All the critics' eulogies are in, and so far there's no trouble. It's on the best-seller list in Chicago, but they'll read anything out there.

"Chicago is also where I'm from," he continued. "I have one distinction: I was born in the same hospital room as Cornelia Otis Skinner. Not at the same time, though."

Mr. Tanner is a bearded young man with intense energy, a few children (we never pinned down the number, ages, or names), and a full clearance from the Legion of Decency for the motion picture version of "Auntie Mame."

"I went to the preview of the film screened for the Legion," he said. "And while they weren't exactly knee-slappers, they laughed in the right places and gave 'Auntie Mame' blessings. What more could a man ask?"

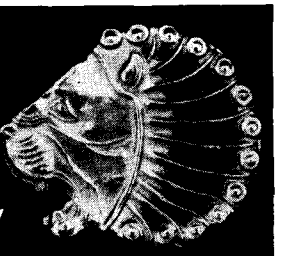
During all this conversation, Tanner-Dennis-Rowans showed us around the town house.

"I believe firmly," he said, as he pointed out a small refrigerator for the

children, built to avoid getting inundated with chocolate pudding when he reached for an ice cube, "that education is a wonderful thing for other people. My seven-year-old boy gets A's in everything but creative writing. I also believe that a lot of people give 'Auntie Mame' more depth than I'm capable of understanding. Which is just about the opposite of what the publishers did when the manuscript first made the rounds. It circulated for five years, through the halls of fifteen publishers, and finally ended up with Vanguard Press, which as you can see is rather deep into the alphabet. I frankly thought it would be lucky if it did 5,000 copies."

We were now in the elevator on the way to catch a glimpse of his study.

"Louise owns the first floor," he said, "I work on the third floor, we eat on the second floor, and Toyland is on the fourth. And there's only one trouble. Neither my wife nor the wonderful woman who works for us has mastered the profound technical feat of replacing a burnt-out light bulb. Don't they



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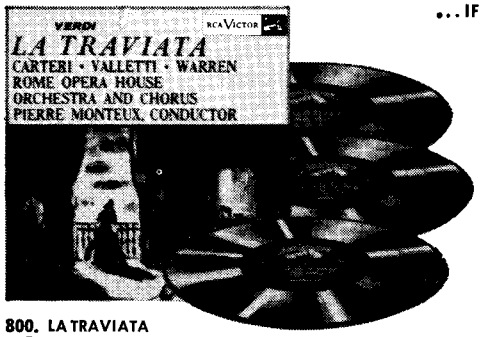

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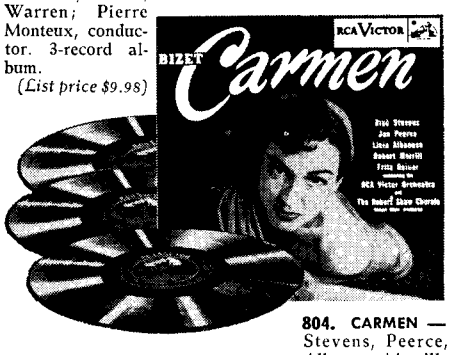

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know that statistics prove that women outlast men by ten years? I just shudder to think of them wandering around this house in the dark!"

DOUBLEDAY, IN THE MEANTIME, is trying to shed some light on a perplexing subject with the publication of a new book by Dr. S. Ralph Harlow, "A Life After Death." A former professor at Smith College, with degrees from Harvard and Columbia, Dr. Harlow makes many fascinating disclosures about mental telepathy, prophetic dreams, and other paranormal experiences. He asks the reader of his book not to believe or disbelieve—but to ponder.

PROFESSIONAL BLACKLISTING of actors and actresses on television was given another blow by David Susskind, who received an award from National Educational Television for his announcement that he would not submit the names of performers for clearance from self-appointed watchdogs.

The award was well deserved. Susskind, along with WNTA's program manager Ted Cott, has helped bring a significant measure of maturity to TV with his "Play of the Week," and both have been instrumental in fighting bigotry.

FRED KERNER, executive editor of Fawcett World Library, tells us about a new British book called "Maid to Measure," which carries the by-line of Charles Creed, the British coutourier. The dedication reads: "This book is dedicated to my friend Elspeth Grant, who wrote it for me."

—JOHN G. FULLER.

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Narayan is to India what Chekhov was to Russia; he has the same dispassionate mind and compassionate heart."

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—SANTHA RAMA RAU, *Saturday Review*

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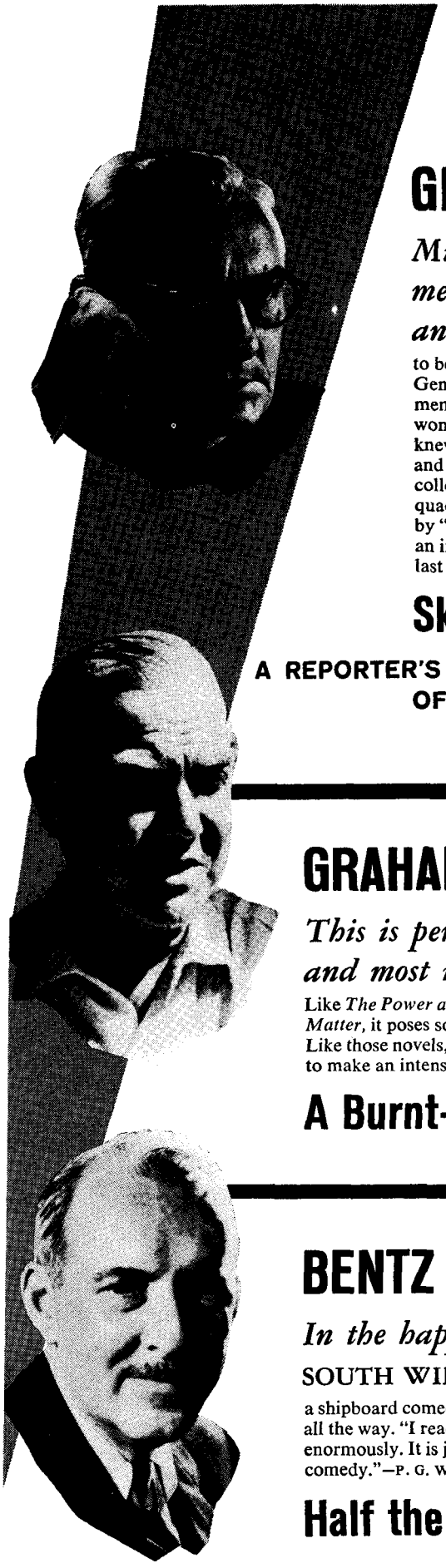

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Much too warm and merry, too ribald and audacious

to be dubbed a "memorial," this is Gene Fowler's last book—his fabulous memories of New York in the '20s and the wonderful assortment of people he knew (Runyon, Hecht, Brisbane, Hearst, and Dempsey were only a few, plus a rare collection of mountebanks, impostors, quacks, and bums). The last of the books by "the last of the troubadours"—and an irreverent testimonial to the world's last holiday from fear. $5.00

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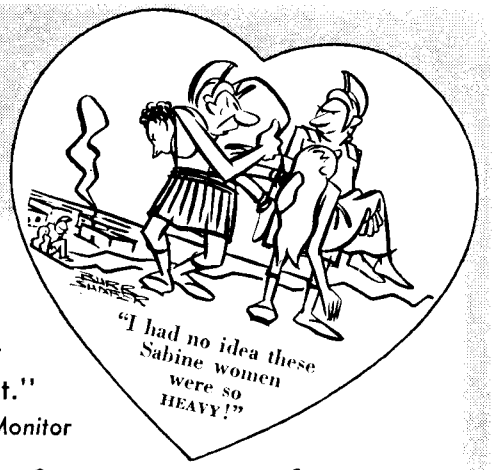

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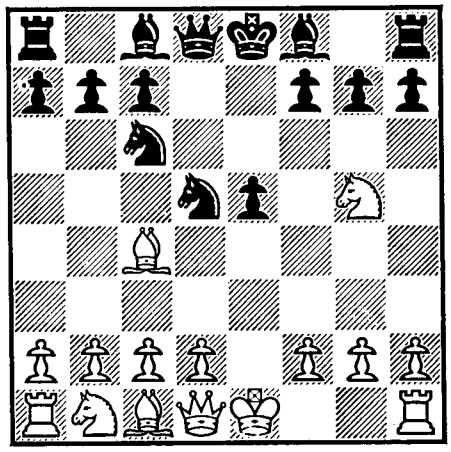
Chess Corner No. 46

CHESS, *sans voir*, is an engaging spectacle. First tried against two opponents by Bizzeca, in Florence, Italy, in 1266, simultaneous blindfold performances have reached mammoth proportions. When, in 1783, Philidor played three blindfold games at one time, it was viewed as miraculous and affidavits were drawn up attesting to the fact. In 1857, Paulsen tackled five opponents, and later Morphy played ten. The English master Blackburne attained sixteen, and this was topped by Pillsbury in 1900, who reached twenty, and still later twenty-two. In 1921, Reti established a mark of twenty-four, to be beaten by Alekhine's twenty-eight. Alekhine later reached thirty-two. In 1934 George Koltanowski established a mark of thirty-four, which remained the peak for nine years. In 1943, Najdorf set a new high of forty-six, which is the current world's record.

To play blindfold is a talent that requires extraordinary visualization. To play more than one opponent simultaneously while blindfolded is a feat. To play blindfold, simultaneously, and at ten seconds a move is beyond the layman's comprehension. This is exactly what Reuben Fine did a few years ago, when he took on four opponents at the same time. His final score was 4-0. The game below is from this seance.

TWO KNIGHTS DEFENSE

	R. Fine (White)		M. Epstein (Black)	
1	P-K4	P-K4	3 B-B4	N-B3
2	N-KB3	N-QB3	4 N-N5	P-Q4
			5 PxP	NxP



6 NxBP

The so-called Figatello or Fried Liver Attack.

6	.....	KxN	15	N-B5	N-KN3
7	Q-B3ch	K-K3	16	NxBch	QxN
8	N-B3	N-K2	17	BxN	PxB
9	P-Q4	P-B3	18	RxP	B-K2
10	O-O	K-Q3	19	B-K3	KR-KB1
11	PxPch	K-B2	20	Q-K4	R-R3
12	B-KN5	B-K3	21	KR-Q1	R-B1
13	QR-Q1	Q-K1	22	R-Q7ch	QxR
14	N-K4	P-QR4	23	RxQch	Resigns

—AL HOROWITZ.

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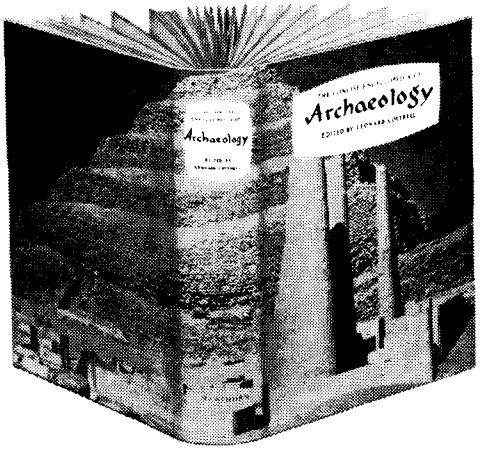

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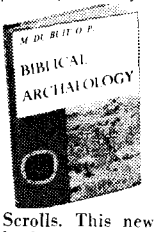

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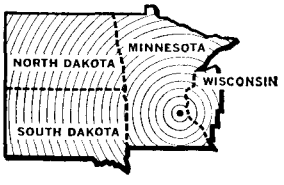

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Saturday Review
FEBRUARY 25, 1961

Report on Hollywood, 1961

GROWING PAINS OF A SHRINKING INDUSTRY

By ARTHUR MAYER, *author of "Merely Colossal" and co-author of "The Movies." Mr. Mayer, who has worked as movie producer, foreign film importer and exhibitor, and during World War II as a film consultant in Washington, is writing a book on independent film production.*

"A LITTLE rebellion now and then," Thomas Jefferson once remarked, "is a good thing," a sentiment which if uttered today would get the author of the Declaration of Independence into trouble with the Un-American Activities Committee. Jefferson was referring to cataclysms "in the political and physical worlds" but his views are equally applicable to disturbances in other spheres. They are particularly relevant to our mass communication media, which require constant reassessment, revision, and an occasional revolution if they are adequately to fulfil their informational, educational, and entertainment functions.

In the past decade TV has done to the movies even as the movies in their precocious youth did to the legitimate theatre. Offering the public the ultimate in convenience, economy, and banal entertainment, almost overnight it cut motion picture theatre attendance in half. Ten thousand of the 22,000 old "hard top" theatres have been converted into supermarkets, bowling alleys, or garages. Formerly every major company-produced film made a profit unless it was unfortunately labeled "artistic" or "experimental." Today some 75 per cent of the pictures released are losing money. The huge studios, formerly exhibit A of Hollywood's hegemony, have become, like the dinosaur, too cumbersome to survive in a changed world, and the more prosperous companies are those unencumbered either by realty or by fealty to traditional production procedures. The picture makers who have been exhorted so often in the past to raise their sights may also have to raze their sites. Indeed, it is probable that eventually studio facilities will be rented by producers anywhere from Culver City to Capetown only if and when they are required.

Twelve years ago Hollywood appeared impregnably entrenched as the cinema capital of the world. The profits of its seven major producing companies were running over $200,000,000 annually. Ninety million Americans, or so it was claimed by movie press agents (who rarely exaggerate more than 20 per cent), were attending motion pictures weekly. To satisfy their seemingly insatiable demands 400 pictures were being mass-produced every year. The industry's mores as well as its movies were dictated by a handful of survivors from the pioneer days of dog-eat-dog who had proved most proficient at devouring rather than being devoured. They were men of incredible acumen, ambition, and avarice whose pre-eminence, rudely speaking, was attributable to their faith in sentimental, escapist entertainment and their lack of faith in the intelligence of the public. Of any social responsibility to portray the nation's needs realistically and to foster its faith in human dignity and democratic institutions they were utterly unaware. And yet, in spite of the commercialism and cynicism of Beverly Hills and Broadway and the readiness of Main Street to accept whatever film fodder it was proferred, so great is the vitality of the medium and the skill and dedication of its creators and craftsmen that every year a considerable number of films of genuine merit were produced.

SUDDENLY, however, the movie makers were faced wtih a form of competition unprecedented in industrial annals. Thirty-four million Americans, it is estimated, are looking at motion pictures every night but 28,000,000 of them are watching them gratis in their living rooms rather than paying to see them in theatres. The ancient practice of regular weekly or twice-a-week attendance is as alien to the way of life of our young people (who constitute over 50 per cent of present theatre patronage) as wearing corsets or holding hands in the front parlor. It has been replaced by a more selective, though not necessarily a more discriminating, approach that confines theatre patronage to a limited number

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of productions which for reasons still undetermined stimulate the public's salivary entertainment glands. Some of the playing time formerly monopolized by Hollywood has now been pre-empted by foreign films—not primarily cinematic achievements of the caliber of "Wild Strawberries" or "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" but fatuous spectaculars like "Hercules." Moreover, the industry's much-prized glamour is fading. It badly needs new personalities to replace the balding, face-lifted gods and goddesses of the Forties, but the younger generation sometimes seems more productive of juvenile delinquents than of juvenile stars and starlets.

CONFRONTED by such catastrophes, producers proceeded to bolster their dwindling bank accounts by disposing of their pre-'48 negatives to their TV competitors. In this fashion they inadvertently nullified the efforts of a few video craftsmen to develop their own indigenous art, at the same time demonstrating their complete indifference to their own cultural heritage by permitting the classics of their past to be shown nightly, brutally chopped and interlarded with paens of praise for detergents, deodorants, dentifrices, and depilatories. "It was," said Spyros Skouras, president of 20th Century-Fox, "a tragic mistake." But Mr. Skouras, along with his fellow presidents, is now repeating the tragedy by selling his post-'48 features.

Indeed, it can safely be predicted that in a belated effort to make show biz businesslike, anything that the companies possess that is not nailed down, whether old films, old studios, or old relatives, will be jettisoned. It is also evident that they will resort to any form of diversification that promises to make a buck, such as the production of quickies for video, of calculating machines (colossal, of course) or toll-TV electronic devices designed to replace the theatre box office with a box office in every home.

Meanwhile, the movie executives proceeded with considerable courage, foresight, and ingenuity to revolutionize completely the processes and practices of picture making through five drastic reforms: 1) Old-fashioned major company assembly-line procedures were replaced by independent production; 2) an ever-increasing percentage of pictures was shot away from Hollywood, particularly on foreign locations; 3) the number of films produced annually was reduced by 50 per cent, with the bulk of the industry's resources and showmanship concentrated on unprecedentedly costly features known as blockbusters; 4) new wide-screen processes were introduced; 5) story material for plots and dialogue supposedly more sophisticated and mature than had formerly been regarded as suitable for mass entertainment replaced the so-called family pictures, bucolic comedies, and saccharine romances. The future may be fraught with perils and complexities but we have at least said a final farewell on the theatre screen to Ma and Pa Kettle and to Francis, the talking horse. We have also, at least temporarily, said goodbye to the grave-diggers who prematurely pronounced the industry on its deathbed. Theatre receipts in 1960 amounted to $1,375,000,000, a figure only barely exceeded in three halcyon years of the late Forties, and the stocks of all of the major producers surged upward in a depressed Wall Street market.

Independent production, of course, is nothing new. Over the years such pioneers as Goldwyn and Selznick concentrated their activities on a limited number of pictures produced slowly with meticulous care. Naturally, the batting average of their product was considerably higher than that of the major companies which were each turning out some fifty-two pictures annually and which put a new production into work every week regardless of whether a suitable story, star, or director was available. Only one company, United Artists, founded by Chaplin, Pickford, Fairbanks, and Griffith, through the years operated exclusively as a distributor of independently made pictures. Of it, one industry wit wisecracked: "The lunatics have taken over the asylum."

The show-wise young attorneys who took over United Artists in 1951 after it had long teetered on the edge of bankruptcy were, however, far from lunatics. They reduced its overhead, undersold their competitors, ingratiated themselves with bankers, and enticed top-notch producers by extending them something previously unknown in the industry—almost complete autonomy. As a consequence of these innovations, with amazing speed they dispensed with red ink and within ten years were showing an annual profit of over $4,000,000.

Nothing is as persuasive to magnates, movie or otherwise, as a balance sheet which each year shows the assets increasingly outbalancing the liabilities. Today practically every other picture company has adopted to a substantial degree United Artists' production policies. This industry-wide acceptance was also accelerated by our tax laws, which make it more lucrative to be an entrepreneur who can pay a capital gain of 25 per cent on stock sales rather than a wage slave sweating beneath the yoke of a 90 per cent income tax. The good news spread rapidly among the unhappy upper-bracket set of the West Coast.

Independent production has failed, like most other panaceas, to live up to its advance publicity. In the case of a few gifted individuals such as Kramer, Spiegel, and Jerry Wald it has achieved a considerable advance in individual initiative and in freedom of subject matter and treatment. There is, however, a plethora of other independents no more encumbered by humanitarian or artistic ideals than were their big-studio predecessors. Certainly the 1960 record furnishes no occasion for complacency in American cinematic circles. In selecting the ten best pictures of the year the critics of *Saturday Review*, the New York *Post*, and the *New York Herald Tribune* included only two American pictures in their lists. Bosley Crowther expressed the sentiments of most of his confreres when he accused Hollywood of "extravagance, bad taste, and vulgarity."

Actually the major companies have practically abdicated their producing functions and are now primarily investors, distributors, and landlords. As investors they advance to independents all the finances required to make their pictures, receiving in return—depending upon whether they are dealing with John Doe or John Wayne—anywhere from 75 to 10 per cent of the profits, if any. They levy a fee of approximately 30 per cent for their distribution services, calculated to assure them a profit even on unprofitable pictures, and charge rent for their studios as and when they are used.

MORE and more films, however, are being made in alien locations formerly of little repute. The independents seem to have a special penchant for islands —the Canaries, Rhodes, Cypress, even Manhattan. Approximately 40 per cent of the movies made or financed by the majors last year were shot abroad, and in spite of the wails of the West Coast unions the trend is certain to continue, and possibly to expand. The industry stumbled onto this bonanza more through good luck than good business judgment. In the postwar years the only way it could utilize its unconvertable

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foreign currency earnings was to produce pictures where the funds were accumulating. Possibly because of the authenticity and the novelty of the locations, possibly because of increased American awareness of the charms of the Old World, possibly just because they were excellent pictures, such productions as "Three Coins in a Fountain," "The Third Man," and "Roman Holiday" proved, to everybody's surprise, to be smash hits. Generally speaking, production costs were and still are considerably less in such countries as Yugoslavia or Greece than at home. Extras for big spectaculars come a drachma a dozen, armies of rival nations compete for the glory of appearing in a blockbuster, and no sets need be constructed for ancient castles, awesome cathedrals, or authentic chateaus.

Moreover, there are special advantages to be gained from subsidies and preferential treatment provided by practically every government in the world except that of the U. S. for productions made within their borders and utilizing some of their native personnel. American producers have on occasion been sufficiently persuasive with local authorities to qualify for payments in three or four different countries! High-salaried performers took to foreign production like starlets to swimming pools. Some specialists in the role of the all-American boy, aged fifty or more, have resorted to the un-American expedient of numbered bank accounts in Switzerland that enable them to escape the clutches of the Collector of Internal Revenue while retaining their U. S. citizenship. Quite a few producers and directors aver that their artistic integrity and opportuity for self-expression are in direct proportion to their remoteness from Hollywood. More and more, these foreign-made films certainly represent the cream of the U. S. cinema crop. The 1956 Oscar was awarded to "Around the World in 80 Days," surprisingly enough filmed around the world. The 1957 winner was "The Bridge on the River Kwai," made in Ceylon. The Oscar for 1958 was voted to "Gigi," shot to a large extent in France, and last year the award was given to "Ben-Hur," made in Italy.

THE independents, like their big-company predecessors, have displayed little zeal in developing literary material specifically designed for cinematic purposes but enormous energy in pursuing the rights for successful books and plays, frequently written by men whom Hollywood had previously hired and fired. Michener's "Hawaii" was sold prior to publication for $600,000. "The Sound of Music" was purchased for $1,250,000 guaranteed against 10 per cent of the gross, and this percentage of the gross formula, whether applied to authors, actors or directors, can prove, to put it mildly, quite costly. Bill Holden, for instance, received 10 per cent of the gross of "The Bridge on the River Kwai," and "The Bridge" will probably wind up with world-wide rentals of some $20,000,000. Hitchcock's "Psycho" deal for 75 per cent of the profits should net him over $5,000,000. Marlon Brando, when he is not producing pictures for his own company, prefers to gamble on 50 per cent of the picture's profits but he does not gamble very recklessly as he demands a guarantee of $750,000. Marilyn Monroe is more conservative. She takes a straight million and comes to work late every day.

INSTEAD of seeking to develop new talent, a task that requires a readiness to sacrifice immediate profits for highly speculative future earnings, the present breed of producers prefers to experiment with wide-angle lenses, 70 mm. film, or batteries of cameras handling different parts of the over-all scene, designed to give greater depth, vision, and clarity. Anamorphic lenses, which can expand and subsequently compress the image on the negative, have been available since 1927 when Cinemascope (under another name) was first demonstrated by a French inventor. It attracted little attention, however, until television made it imperative to achieve greater dramatic effectiveness than any little box in the living room could possibly afford. These so-called new techniques are immensely effective in spectacular scenes like the chariot race in "Ben-Hur." On the other hand, the small attic in which Anne Frank and her family were hidden is now blown up to the size of Grand Central Station. Close-ups are frequently so magnified that susceptible patrons find themselves hypnotized by the pores of the heroine's nose or the gyrations of the hero's Adam's apple. As Cecil DeMille once said: "With VistaVision I can show the Hebrews crossing the Red Sea, but I cannot adequately portray the Madonna fondling the Christ child." Another producer, deploring the new "letter-box" proportions of the screen, complained that he could show Gulliver in Lilliput prone but never upright.

Moreover, these wide-screen processes add tremendously to picture-making costs already swollen by inflated salaries, story costs, and union demands. Last year only 224 pictures were released by American film distributors, but the total sum spent for their production and distribution was triple what it had been for the 368 pictures made in 1941. With the demise of block booking, movies entered the blockbuster ice age. The spectaculars, costing anywhere from $12,000,000 to $15,000,000, are proving treasure troves with unprecedented world-wide grosses of $60,000,000 to $70,000,000. Many of the baby blockbusters, budgeted for only a negligible $2,000,000 to $5,000,000, are also doing quite nicely. Of the twenty-five highest-grossing pictures of all time, twenty-two have been released in the "depressed" years since 1950.

IN sixty years of picture making we have, however, learned distressingly little about the qualities that make some pictures so popular and others so unpopular, not only from coast to coast but from continent to continent. In speaking of modern physics, the distinguished scientist Dr. Isadore Rabi once said: "We work with known laws in the midst of data unknown and unknowable." Motion pictures face exactly the opposite quandary. We know the data but the laws we work with

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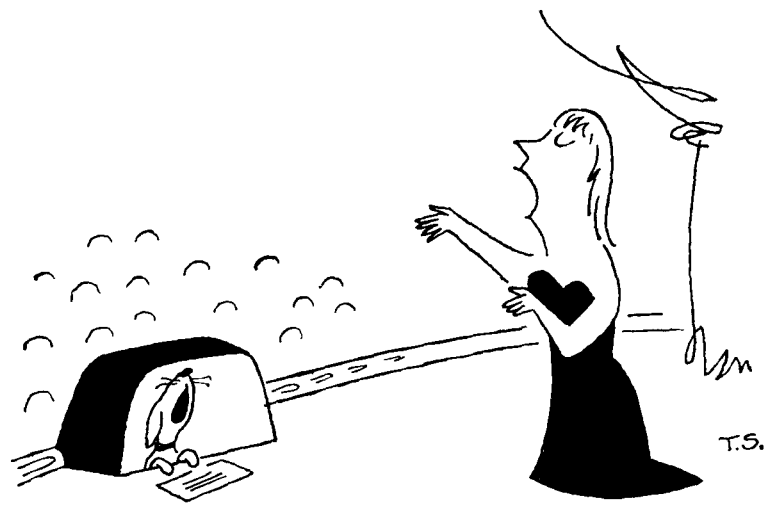

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"The writer goes into another world when he goes to work . . ."

WHY DOES A WRITER WRITE?

By WILLIAM SAROYAN

WHY DOES a writer write? The reasons are endless, contradictory, and inevitably false, for no writer knows why he writes; he only likes to imagine he knows.

For that matter, nobody knows anything past the obvious, since knowing, final knowing, is impossible for the human creature who has not quit. The minute the creature quits, finality and knowledge are inevitable. The other order of knowing, the lesser order, which is actually believing, or quitting, makes for a certain amount of *comfort*, at any rate. It is the secret of the success of all established religions, but it is otherwise useless. The true human experience is the experience of the ignorant in relation to the unknowable.

Then how does a man make sense?

He doesn't. He never has. Short of quitting, short of believing, in other words, he can't make sense. Truth has no finality; hence there is no human constant, and man at his best, which is little enough, is a loser who *knows* he is. His very *being* is a loss of something, although the nature of this loss is unknown. He certainly came from losers from way back.

Then why doesn't he quit?

He does. Or he doesn't even start, in which case he is lucky in that he doesn't know the difference, accepts what he gets with that misunderstanding which has both comforted and confounded him in precisely the same manner as it has all other forms of life. To be what you are (not who you are) is natural, but this isn't enough for man at his most troublesome. It isn't enough to *be*, it is necessary to be *on purpose*, and thus the human experience seeks to be esthetic, as well as natural: it seeks to be an art experience. And art has no finality. It is a way, a style, not a final form.

There has always been a great deal of talk about the loneliness of the writer on the one hand, and on the other the majesty—the *with*ness, so to say—of the writer at work. There is a touch of truth in each of these theories, but I don't see how this may be considered to mean anything in particular.

First, the loneliness.

A writer *chooses* to write. He chooses to put himself aside at fairly regular intervals in order to make a work of writing of some kind. While he works he is alone. If the work is difficult, as it almost always is, he feels alone, and sometimes even abandoned. But the real question is: how much loneliness can you know? But the word itself isn't especially accurate, in any case: that which is named loneliness is probably more nearly ineffectiveness, a form of failure, a form of fear, an illness which is not peculiar to writers alone.

When the going is good a writer knows very little, if any, loneliness. When it is bad he believes he knows nothing else. The flaw is the same in either event: when the writer thought the going was good and therefore felt no loneliness, the writing was not necessarily good, and when he believed the going was bad and therefore felt ineffective, the writing may actually have been good. He just happened to feel loneliness at the time. If it wasn't something he ate, it was surely something that was eating him.

Second, the majesty of the writer at work, the *with*ness. Most writers would be either incompetent or unhappy at work of any other kind. They really can't stand the preoccupations that are an inevitable part of other professions, and neither can they put up with the boredom of graceful inactivity. Even a wealthy writer goes to his work just as he did when he was at the beginning of his career. The fact is he has no choice in the matter, since his wealth has no real value for him as a writer.

The writer goes into another world when he goes to work—into another womb, if you prefer. It really doesn't matter. These large and ill-defined terms are interchangeable. He goes there because it's a good place for him to be, since he discovered it, explored it, mapped it, populated it, and gave it its rules, regulations, laws, crimes, and punishments. Or so one might be permitted to say for want of something better to say. (There is always something better to be said than anything that has ever been said, but in the meantime somebody has got to agree to say something, and he can't take forever.)

When the writer is at work he sometimes feels something that is the direct opposite of loneliness: a *with*ness. He is with it all, and with everybody: the dead, the living, and the living who have not yet been born. It is a good feeling, but probably pathetic in that again he is more mistaken than not. Nobody is with the dead who isn't dead, and being dead with the dead is just plain lucky or unfortunate, as you choose. Nobody is with the living, although vain people who are well known like to imagine that they are. And nobody is with the unborn. The feeling of *with*ness, then, is not necessarily related to human life alone, or at all: it is related to all things and actions, especially the unknown. Again, it doesn't matter.

WHAT matters is that which was written, but this doesn't matter very much, either. It only seems to at the time.

The fact is it doesn't need to matter very much, even though everything can always seem to matter enormously and not at all. The theory appears to be that man seeks to be something more than he is able to be, a kind of angel, for instance, but this theory is not supported by the evidence of time and history. If anything, it is repudiated, and some of the charm of man is found to be in his very wrongness. "Bad" people are interesting and therefore memorable. "Good" people are all alike. They are wrong, too, but their wrongness lacks charm, although when it is lunatic enough it can be the unwitting start of a rampaging if finally unbearable religion, such as Christianity, for instance. Sudden conversions to this religion among otherwise searching and sound minds suggest

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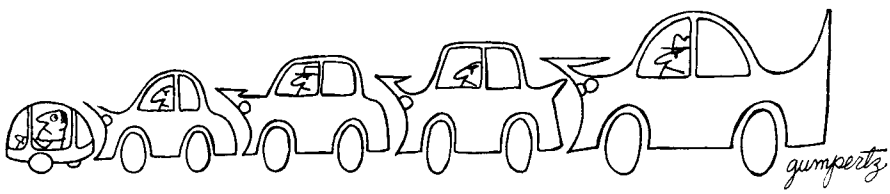

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Of Radicals and Racketeers

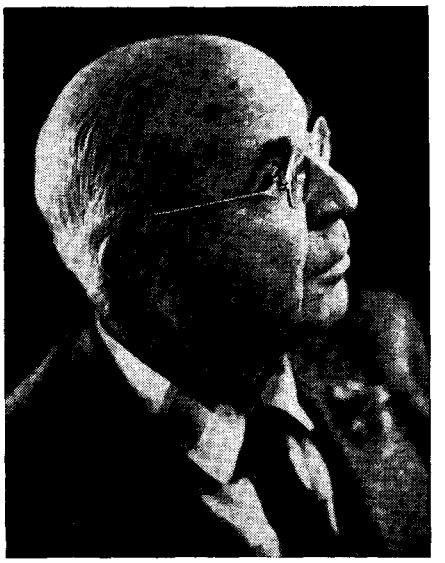
By Granville Hicks

ALTHOUGH his last five or six novels have not been greeted with much enthusiasm, John Dos Passos remains a widely respected figure. Critics have been saying for twenty years and more that he was slipping, and they have had reason for saying so, but as a rule they have made the comment regretfully, and have given the impression that, in spite of the shortcomings of his books, they admired the man.

"**Midcentury**" (Houghton Mifflin, $5.95) is his most ambitious book in a long while, and the least one can say is that it is a better novel than "Chosen Country" or "Most Likely to Succeed." On the other hand, it does not have the impact of "U.S.A.," which was a tremendously moving work when it appeared in the Thirties and, as I have found in college courses I have taught, still has power to stir the reader.

Comparison with "U.S.A." is unavoidable, for Dos Passos has employed almost exactly the same technique in this book as in that. The novel contains several narratives, interspersed with biographies of prominent figures of the past twenty-five years and with collections of extracts from newspapers and other sources. The one device that has not been taken over is "The Camera Eye," which in the earlier novel served as an autobiographical obbligato. Instead there are poetic meditations on man and his destiny. Among the persons whose portraits are painted are General MacArthur, Harry Bridges, Sam Goldwyn, John L. Lewis, Walter Reuther, Mrs. Roosevelt, Senator McClellan, and James Dean. The "documentaries" (called "Newsreels" in "U.S.A.") emphasize the advertising of luxuries, the progress of science, and the spread of racketeering.

The best of the narratives concerns Blackie Bowman, an oldtime radical, a Wobbly, who tells his own story as he lies dying in a veterans' hospital. Blackie's memory moves backward, so that he tells first of his experiences in the Depression, then of his days in Greenwich Village and his participation in IWW struggles, and finally of his boyhood and his initiation into the radical movement. It is a story of idealism, self-sacrifice, and courage.



John Dos Passos — "a man to whom a cause is necessary."

The other narratives come closer to the present. Most space is devoted to Terry Bryant, a young veteran of World War II who becomes active in the labor movement, is defeated in a fight against racketeers, quits, becomes involved again, and this time loses his life. There is a short section on Frank Worthington, an honest labor leader who learns to compromise with evil. More fully developed is the story of Jasper Milliron, an energetic and intelligent businessman, a truly constructive person, whose plans are thwarted by financiers greedy for power and money. Milliron's son-in-law, Will Jenks, takes over a taxi business, and is associated with Terry Bryant in the struggle against racketeering. The last episode introduces Stanley Goodspeed, a young relative of Milliron's wife, who steals Milliron's credit cards and starts off on a big blowout.

As the summary suggests, one of Dos Passos's principal themes is labor racketeering, which is central in Terry Bryant's story, Frank Worthington's, and Will Jenks's. Blackie Bowman's story, with its portrayal of labor leaders who are high-principled and full of altruism, makes a dramatic contrast. Racketeering is also emphasized in several of the biographies, especially the group portrait of Dan Tobin, Dave Beck, and James Hoffa. (Senator McClellan, naturally, is one of Dos Passos's heroes.) A series of interludes called "Investigator's Notes" deals with victims of racketeering.

TWO OTHER topics concern Dos Passos, one an old preoccupation of his. In the Jasper Milliron sections of this novel, as in the Charley Anderson sections of "U.S.A.," we see exemplified the Veblenian theory that creativity in business is frustrated by financial interests. Milliron personally comes off better than Anderson, but his defeat represents a loss for the national economy. In the second place, Dos Passos is troubled by the attitudes of youth. In his biography of General William Dean he becomes indignant about the American prisoners in the Korean War who collaborated with the Communists. ("Nobody had ever told them anything except to get more and do less.") The subject is introduced again in the biography of James Dean, and it emerges in the final episode of the book, the

On September 11, 1884 there was born in a tall brownstone house in a fashionable section of New York,

with a silver spoon in her mouth and all the aristocracy the Empire State could afford in those great days of the high bourgeoisie,

a little girl. Eleanor was a Roosevelt, an Oyster Bay Roosevelt. Her father was T.R.'s kid brother Elliott. Her mother was Anna Hall of a rich upstate family of Halls.

Except for T.R.'s roughhousing affection for his homely little niece (she had the same buck teeth he had) her childhood was miserable.

Her father shared T.R.'s cult of the outdoors, loved dogs and horses and back country travel, but Daddy was a ne'erdowell and mostly he drank. He was a handsome man, debonair. The little girl loved him but hardly ever saw him because he was always off taking the cure in some sanitarium. Finally he retired to the Valley of Virginia where drunkenness was still considered a rather gentlemanly profession.

Her mother was a tense nagging woman with a taste for amateur theatricals. She called little Nell "Granny" the child was so glum. She suffered from headaches.

Both parents died by the time Eleanor was ten.

—*From "Midcentury."*

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story of spoiled Stan Goodspeed and the credit cards.

Dos Passos has habitually taken a position against something or other. In "Three Soldiers" it was war he was opposing, and in "U.S.A." it was big business, if not the whole capitalist system. In "District of Columbia" he denounced political tyranny, as found in the Communist Party, in the activities of a demagogue of the Huey Long type, and in the New Deal. Now his targets are various kinds of corruption, particularly labor racketeering.

He has remained consistently on the offensive, but his politics have changed, and so, alas, has his spirit. At least since "The Grand Design" (third part of "District of Columbia") the old indignation has yielded to petulance. There is less querulousness, I am happy to say, in "Midcentury" than in some of its immediate predecessors; in fact, Dos Passos shows marked restraint in most of the biographies; but underneath one feels an impatience amounting almost to peevishness. "It was a time when the American people hadn't the slightest desire to see beyond the ends of their own noses. So long as a man got his handout, who cared?"

If that is the way he feels, that is the way he feels, and there is nothing he can do about it, but we cannot pretend that his work is unaffected by his attitude. In "Midcentury," in spite of a great effort on his part to be firm and objective, he sounds tired and fretful. He is at his best in writing about Blackie Bowman, who represents the kind of radicalism to which Dos Passos first gave his allegiance. That spirit sustained him when he wrote "U.S.A.," but afterwards he became disillusioned with the radicalism of the Thirties. He has been a man without a cause, and yet he has continued to be the kind of man to whom a cause is necessary.

DOS PASSOS has never been a distinguished stylist, and his characters, even in "U.S.A.," are of the kind E. M. Forster calls flat, but in "U.S.A." one felt a tremendous passion, a splendid curiosity about the way people live, and complete honesty. The passion has ebbed away, but the other virtues remain, and they make Dos Passos an admirable figure. He cannot now reach the height he reached in "U.S.A." but "Midcentury" shows how much there is that he can still do well. The biographies, for instance, are terse and revealing, even when one quarrels with some of their judgments. The narratives are based on a knowledge of industrial life few novelists have. And, tired and hopeless as he may be, Dos Passos is still a man of solid integrity, saying exactly what he thinks.

Intellectual Recall

"Mémoires Intérieurs," by François Mauriac; *translated by Gerard Hopkins (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 248 pp. $4.75), and* ***"Second Thoughts: Reflections on Literature and on Life," by François Mauriac;*** *translated by Adrienne Foulke (World. 191 pp. $3.75), present a prominent French Catholic writer's observations on human activities and literature, viewed from the evening of a full life. Leon S. Roudiez is associate professor of French at Columbia University.*

By Leon S. Roudiez

MORE than thirty years ago François Mauriac, then at the height of his creative career, wrote that "of all men, the novelist resembles God the most." Eleven years later Jean-Paul Sartre, then a young philosopher with one strikingly different kind of novel to his credit, brought a very harsh article to a close by stating, "God is no artist; neither is M. Mauriac."

Martin Turnell is right when he calls Sartre's article both unjust and illuminating. One of the things it illuminates is a long-standing cleavage that was considerably worsened by events of the past few decades—the cleavage between two concepts of the universe, two radically distinct views of reality. It goes without saying that, while the various forms of existentialism are typical of the newer concepts, Mauriac unashamedly upholds the traditional viewpoints. This position emerges quite clearly from the pages of the masterly spiritual and intellectual autobiography he has entitled "Mémoires Intérieurs," as well as from the slightly less interesting gathering of essays "Second Thoughts."

Readers foraging through his "Mémoires" for intimate, spicy, and perhaps scandalous revelations will be disappointed: "I . . . shall tell nothing," Mauriac writes, declining to give an anecodotal account of his life. He does, however, very successfully communicate the atmosphere of his childhood in the Bordeaux region—the same atmosphere he had previously transmuted into his novels; he also paints an absorbing picture of intellectual development, mirrored through the music he listened to and the books he read, often movingly confronting youthful passion with the serene lassitude of old age.

Among others tested against his own intelligence, his esthetic and religious sensitivity, and the nearness of death are Nerval, Schumann, Wagner, Musset, and Baudelaire; then Balzac, Brontë, Flaubert, and Proust; his favorites—Pascal and Racine; a curious medley—Tolstoy, Newman, and Hopkins; several of the great French writers of the century—Barrès, Gide, Montherlant, and Bernanos; and finally the postwar generation. The result is fascinating reading.

Transcending these personal reactions, however, what informs the whole book, and a large portion of "Second Thoughts," is the problem of literary creation as seen in the light of a Catholic faith. Much more than Sartre was willing to grant in 1939, Mauriac had long sensed the nature of the difficulties confronting the contemporary novelist; he realized, as much as any critic of the novel, the futility of assembling plots and characters in the fashion of a twentieth-century Balzac. In an essay published in 1928 he had clearly shown how cognizant he was, for instance, of the revolutionary aspect of Dostoevsky's contribution to the art of the novel. His religious convictions, on the other hand, would not allow him to blaze the trails that a number of postwar French novelists now favor; imbued as he is with a French literary tradition that has sought to compose ideal and reality, he believes the situation called for tempering the view of human disintegration displayed in the works of foreign novelists with an artistic integration that would reflect the fundamental coherence of God's world and emphasize the truth of human individuality. As Mauriac has reaffirmed in his "Mémoires Intérieurs," "I belong to a generation which believes in man, and in Him of whom man is the unchallengeable witness."

It is quite obvious that this ideological and metaphysical conflict is indeed

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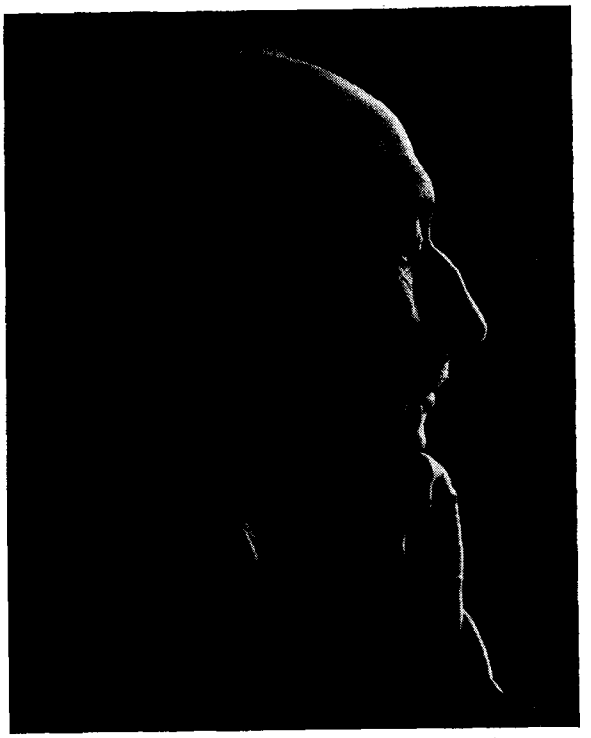

—*Karsh, Ottawa.*
Francois Mauriac—"undoubtedly an artist."

THE AUTHOR: The career of François Mauriac is one more illustration of the scope that France affords her men of letters. Since 1951 he has been recognized as her greatest living novelist, but he is almost equally well known as a poet, playwright, critic, editor, and wartime Resistance writer. He has, moreover, been a major public figure since the publication in 1922 of his novel "A Kiss for the Leper." Born in Bordeaux in 1885, Mauriac pursued in that city the Catholic education that has disciplined his thought and liberated his feelings. After attending the University of Bordeaux, he devoted himself to poetry, but it was not until he turned to the novel that he truly found his *métier*, and he has said that he agrees with the critics who call him a poet who expresses himself by means of the novel. In 1920 came "Flesh and Blood," and in 1925 "The Desert of Love"; from then until the beginning of World War II he produced a novel almost every two years. By 1933 his fame had grown so much that he was accorded the immortality of election to the Académie Française.

During the German occupation of France he wrote signed articles openly critical of the invader, and other pieces under an assumed name that were published in the clandestine journal *Editions de Minuit*. At the end of the war, in addition to his continued labors as a novelist, he became an editorial writer for *Le Figaro*, and in 1952 received the supreme accolade for a lifetime devoted to literature, the Nobel Prize. It is chiefly since the war that Mauriac has been translated into English and published in this country, where in 1959 he became an honorary member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Besides the novels mentioned above, his major critical work translated into English was "Proust's Way," published here in 1950. Today, at seventy-six, slim, stooped, and husky of voice, Mauriac still writes weekly essays for *Le Figaro Littéraire*, some of them on literary or theological subjects, some of them personal reflections of a man exploring old age or listening in the middle of the night to the myriad sounds of Paris.

—THOMAS COONEY.

also a conflict of generations. Ironically, the dark regions into which François Mauriac would not stray have now been well traveled by his own son, Claude Mauriac, first as critic of *The New Literature*, then as author of "The Dinner Party." Thus, another moving aspect of "Mémoires Intérieurs," which is dedicated to Claude Mauriac ("It bears witness to my confidence . . . and affection . . . "), is an implicit dialogue between father and son, united by mutual admiration and affection, separated by ideas and age.

A marked contrast with the mellow reflections of "Mémoires Intérieurs" is provided by some of the less recent and often more dogmatic essays of "Second Thoughts." It is almost shocking to compare the admiring and understanding—and at the same time lucid—pages Mauriac, in his "Mémoires," devotes to Gide, whose work he believes is "among the most significant of our time," with those written earlier on Gide's "delirium" over the five-year plan and collected in "Second Thoughts." This book, although dealing with the same general topics, and in some instances with the same writers, as the "Mémoires," has much less unity and is repetitious on occasion. Several of the essays will probably leave the reader indifferent; some, as is the case with Gide, because what Mauriac has to say is too topical and no longer very pertinent; others because the writers he discusses, such as Anna de Noailles, have already been forgotten by most. Nevertheless, there is enough here, particularly in the latter pages of the volume, ending where "Mémoires Intérieurs" began with an evocation of his country estate of Malagar, to do justice to the art and thought of François Mauriac.

For, Sartre's opinion notwithstanding, Mauriac is undoubtedly an artist. The two volumes just published give many insights into his esthetic concerns; as to his successful embodiment of them into his novels, solid evidence has been gathered by critics and scholars from several countries. Admittedly, his range is limited: he has compared himself to a man continuously plowing the same small field over and over again. But from that field he has harvested extraordinary fruit—bitter though they may have been to many a complacent reader. Tearing away the mask of Catholic, bourgeois respectability from his outwardly very proper, socially responsible characters, he has revealed torrents of hatred and greed boiling beneath the surface and occasionally bursting out in the open like ruptured sewers. In each of his novels one character serves as an outlet for those passions that are latent in all men, at the same time calling upon himself the reciprocal furor of all others—thus betraying the hypocrisy and sham of their lives. His heroes are engaged in solitary struggles, groping for a love and understanding that they are unable to find, for they are, in Mauriac's view, lacking in Grace and the ability to share in that Divine love of which all earthly loves are but imitation or distortions. What makes these novels of hidden violence so effective is that they are told with remarkable restraint and a stylistic economy that has too often been "enriched" and cheapened in English translations.

If Mauriac's reputation as a novelist has suffered in postwar France, the reason lies not only in the emergence of ideas that make him seem outdated; it

(*Continued on page* 45)

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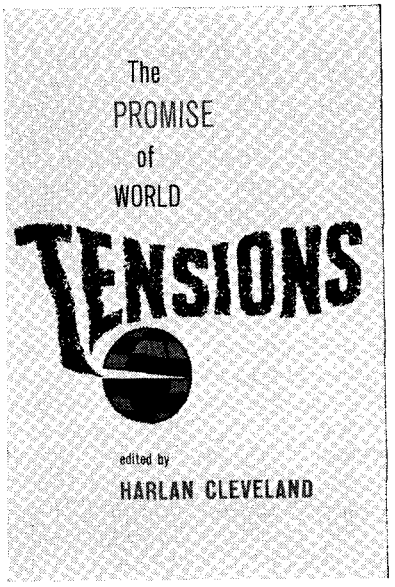
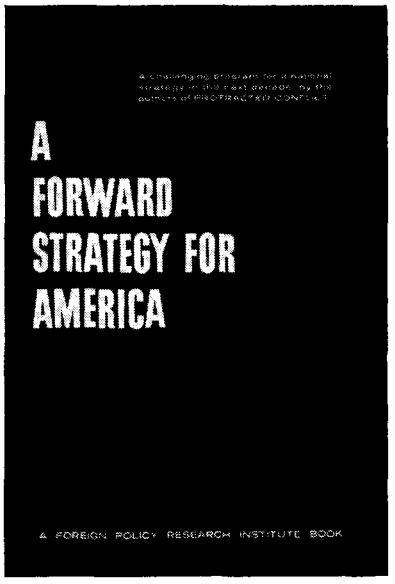
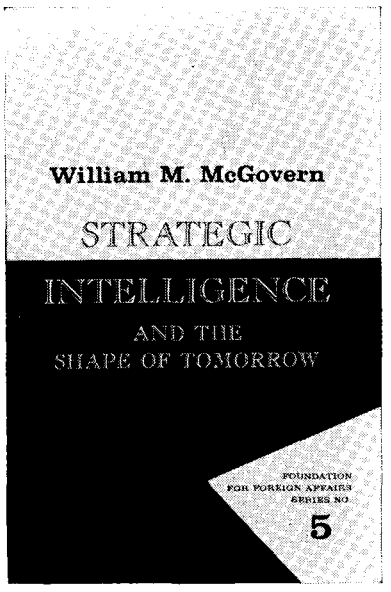
Books in the News







Patterned for Peace

By Edgar Ansel Mowrer, *author of "Challenge and Decision."*

LAST year 150 Americans with a sprinkling of foreigners met for three days in Chicago to "consider the abatement of some world tensions and the promise of others." The cosponsors were the University of Chicago and a group calling itself the Council on World Tensions (formerly, World Brotherhood, Inc.).

The conference had been well prepared in advance and its ostensible goals were four: 1) a strengthened and enforceable body of world law, 2) the social and economic well-being of all peoples, 3) an open world with freedom of travel and communications, and 4) a strengthened United Nations.

Out of that meeting came "**The Promise of World Tensions**" (Macmillan, $3.50), consisting of an illuminating preface and an epilogue by the editor, Harlan Cleveland, eight studies of varying length and interest, and three policy papers prepared in advance.

The participants included six Nobel Peace Prize winners, and several individuals, including the editor, who have since been tapped for service by President Kennedy. The contributions were different notes in a single cry for peace, called by participant Adlai Stevenson "surely the loudest and clearest in this war weary world." The result of the conference was therefore both a cry for peace and a spelling out of the many fine things that we might do if we had peace.

Thus in his opening study Harlan Cleveland quotes with approval Father Dominique Pire's description of present summit diplomacy as a "double infirmity," a "dialogue of the deaf"; "the Russians cannot hear us and we cannot hear them." I submit that the leaders on both sides hear only too well. Unfortunately, they are seeking quite incompatible things and only when one or the other side ceases will agreement become possible. In fact, Mr. Cleveland corrects Father Pire by remarking that the world is going to be changed only by "our repeated demonstration that neither diplomatic truculence nor more military power will get Communists anywhere . . . world domination is simply not within their grasp." (How true!)

But that is not what most of these authors seem to believe. Even Mr. Cleveland thinks that "fear-driven anti-Communism produces . . . in the long run, bad policy." Maybe so. But does he imagine we shall thwart the Soviet bid for world dominion without anti-Communism, or is he appealing for more courage? In any case, he ends with the admirable appeal "to tighten our resolve and our sense of urgency about the promise (not merely the danger) of the only world we live in."

One promise is world-wide rule of law. Lawyer Louis Henkin makes several points: 1) that world law can only reflect a world community; 2) that such a community does not now exist although there are already "significant areas of coincidence of interest between East and West within which some 'law' exists" (very few, I regret to say); 3) that the "law of the United Nations Charter generally exists" (what an exaggeration!) and, finally (his best point), that nothing prevents likeminded nations right now from building enforceable law for areas which they control. (Unfortunately, of the eight undertakings which he says it is "in the interest" of the Big Powers to accept, the USSR—unquestionably a Big Power—has so far accepted none.)

An admirable study is that on possible economic development by Harlan Cleveland and Irving Sverdlow—once more provided that the cold war permits. Less admirable is Harry Ashmore's study of international communication, if only because he rashly compares the few faint restrictions placed upon travel and international contact by the United States with the almost complete control of them by the Soviet Union (recipe for rabbit sausage: one horse, one rabbit?). Two brief studies on racial equality by Principal W. Arthur Lewis of the West Indies and Ralph Bunche

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show the value of some tensions and suggest a widened role in Africa for the United Nations—"if the cold war can be kept out of West Africa" (as in the Congo?).

Editor-scientist Eugene Rabinowitch eloquently dilates on the possible role of science as a catalyst between rival nations. Scientists on both sides (mostly) speak the same language. Thus though the world "is now further from fundamental unity than it seemed to be a hundred and fifty years ago," science "offers a reasonable prospect for a common enterprise of all nations" (would it did!).

Adlai Stevenson and Lester B. Pearson, two politicians, seem the furthest from political realities. Adlai sees the USA and the USSR as two armed men feeling for each other in a dark room, neither of whom "dares put his weapon down for fear the other may not." (Actually, Russia is feeling for our throat; the USA wants out.) Mr. Pearson notes that the "winds of change" are against any war as a method of settling anything. But all he recommends as substitute is more nongovernmental meetings. The three policy papers at the end of the book, while nobly motivated, provide nothing new.

To repeat, the interest of this volume lies in its enthusiastic description of what people might do to "relax tensions" provided they got an opportunity. Even here the authors fall somewhat short. There is too little stress on the absolute need for world authority as the only reliable safeguard of peace. There is too little insistence on the need for proclaiming that our American purpose is a free and peaceful world order under law and that we propose to start realizing it immediately by organizing such countries as care to join.

Instead, Adlai Stevenson bemoans "our horrible war-games . . . this gang warfare of a delinquent universe." But fixing up the universe is quite a job even for what Lester Pearson called a "three-day concentration of unparalleled brain power."

After reading and rereading "World Tensions" I turned with relief to our new President's Inaugural Address:

> In the long history of the world, only a few generations have been granted the role of defending freedom in its hour of maximum danger. I do not shrink from this responsibility—I welcome it. I do not believe that any of us would exchange places with any other people or any other generation.

And it is in the cause of freedom that the authors urge us to enter the lists far more aggressively.

With much that the authors have to say about the military aspects of "protracted conflict" few qualified students of the subject would dissent. The strengthening of our alliances, and particularly of NATO, the building up of conventional forces, and the attainment of the highest degree of invulnerability for the nuclear deterrent are familiar themes. That we can do whatever needs to be done on a broad front without "undue sacrifice or unmanageable inflation, much less economic ruin" is powerfully argued. "We shall contend," say the authors, "that America *can* afford to survive and *must* make almost herculean efforts to do so within the next few years."

But in the struggle for the maintenance of freedom these efforts are designed to bridge the gap until the time when some durable *modus vivendi* with the Soviet Union can be achieved. They are aimed at reaching a position in which nuclear warfare from the point of view of both antagonists will *in fact* become "unthinkable." It is on this account that the following formulation is highly disturbing:

> . . . U.S. national and Free World strategy must rest on the people's will to face up to the possibility of total war and their readiness to marshal the efforts that will assure them victory in such a conflict.

This possibility, of course, must be envisaged until, by appropriate measures taken by us, the balance of power has been restored. But the idea that under any circumstances victory could be assured in such a conflict runs counter to prevailing views. Certainly the cause of freedom—which is our cause—would become a highly theoretical concept for a decimated population surviving amidst the ruins of its cities and the destruction of much of its literary, artistic, and cultural heritage.

After all, in the age of thermonuclear weapons we arm to prevent war, not to win it. This would seem the only realistic view. Yet the thought conveyed in the passage quoted above recurs throughout the book. For example: "If it is our purpose to combat Communism, then it follows that our overriding objective is not to preserve peace at all costs, but to destroy the aggressive power of Communism." And somewhat further, "But without the willingness to use force and without the sacrifice which the use of force as well as the prevention of war entails, no major international crisis ever has been set-

Freedom on the Offensive

By Frank Altschul, *who is the chairman of the Committee on International Policy of the National Planning Association.*

IN THE preface to "**A Forward Strategy for America**" (Harper, $5.95) the three principal authors – Robert Strausz-Hupé, William R. Kintner, and Stefan T. Possony—describe in some detail the methods followed in the preparation of this volume, published under the auspices of the Foreign Policy Research Institute and with the collaboration of a number of its research assistants. To examine the "full range of our foreign policy problems" was the ambitious task undertaken. To do justice to it "many academic institutions, research organizations, and governmental agencies" were consulted, together with countless other sources of relevant and valuable information. The material thus assembled was then subjected to a "systematic process of synthesis" to the end that from the mass of expert and at times conflicting views an orderly and logical presentation of the subject matter might emerge.

The resultant study furnishes a vivid example of some of the advantages and some of the limitations of pure research. The wide range of the problems confronting us in the field of foreign policy is explored with insight and deliberation. But those who are at all familiar with the wealth of literature currently available in this field will hardly find any novelty in the solutions proposed. Yet if for the initiated this compendium has little to offer, it may serve as a useful text for a wider and less well-informed audience as it presents on the whole a challenging analysis of the principal problems which preoccupy and perplex us in the international field.

The idea of "protracted conflict," originally developed in an earlier volume by Dr. Strausz-Hupé and his associates, has found general acceptance in our thinking. That it has penetrated the highest level of government was evidenced by a revealing paragraph in President Kennedy's Inaugural Address. Furthermore, the nature of the conflict is no longer obscure. It is not a struggle between a capitalist or a Communist form of economic organization, but rather between freedom and tyranny.

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tled short of appeasement or surrender." Maybe so; but are these dicta truly applicable in the nuclear age?

Having raised this note of disagreement in respect to certain postulates in the military field, it is only fair to add that other elements in the thesis advanced by Dr. Strausz-Hupé are entitled on the whole to thoughtful consideration and wide approval. In particular, he contends for a far less rigid and preconceived approach to the difficulties facing nations recently emerging from colonialism. We should "expect them to create political institutions most attuned to their cultural heritage. For those in early and difficult stages of development, our own concepts of political democracy will generally be too advanced."

Few would quarrel with the stated assumption underlying this study:

> The Communists mean what they say. They assert confidently that their system will grow stronger relative to ours and will ultimately overtake and surpass ours. The annihilation of the West as a viable, free, cultural-economic region, with all its distinctive institutions, processes and values, is their goal.

And not even the dramatic gesture of releasing two American fliers, who should never have been made prisoners in the first instance, furnishes the slightest ground for believing that there has been any change in Soviet objectives or that the time for fruitful negotiations at the summit has arrived.

• "The Chinese, so we are told, are even more disposed than the Russians to press conflict to the point of nuclear war and might even be willing to instigate a war which would result in a Soviet-American nuclear exchange. Controversy though there may be, Communist ideological arguments are, nevertheless, over means, not ends—a discussion between gravediggers over which shovel to use in burying us."

• "Again, we hasten to concede American federative experience does not offer a model for universal application. Yet, on a continental scale, it is the best available. It comes close enough to setting a standard which other peoples can, by appropriate modification, make their own. We need not, and should not, try to press our experiences upon others. We have the results of one experiment to offer. We keep on working on this, our own national experiment. We invite others to improve on it and to enrich the fund of federative knowledge by their own trials and errors."—*From "A Forward Strategy for America."*

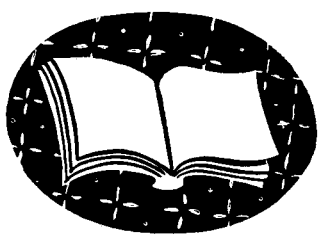
Spying on the Future

By August Heckscher, *formerly of the Office of Strategic Services, at present the director of the Twentieth Century Fund.*

WILLIAM M. McGovern, professor of political science at Northwestern University, was with Joint Intelligence Committee (JIC) during World War II; he has been a frequent lecturer on intelligence problems before such institutions as the Army War College and the Navy War College. In **"Strategic Intelligence and the Shape of Tomorrow"** (Regnery, $4) he sums up much of his experience. A man of strong opinions, Mr. McGovern admits he has been often wrong, but makes it clear that he has seldom been uncertain.

This provocative little book focuses on strategic, as opposed to tactical, intelligence. It aims to describe the ways the larger choices of policy can be guided, both in times of war and peace. The more striking and glamorous forms of secret intelligence—Mr. McGovern shared in many of them in the company of General "Wild Bill" Donovan of OSS fame—too often have little bearing except on immediate tactical decisions. The brave men dropped behind the lines were usually poorly equipped to judge accurately the deeper trends of policy or action. The prisoners who were painstakingly interrogated knew little about what the generals or statesmen planned. Mr. McGovern, who was evidently fascinated by this side of intelligence work, speaks of it with crisp detail. But he is not misled in assigning it an undue importance at the strategic level.

More relevant—and hardly less fascinating—is economic intelligence. The author recounts how an analysis of the sources of vital raw materials made it possible to predict accurately the major lines of the Japanese advance; how on the basis of economic capacities the ability to resist could be calculated, and effective targets picked out. From here he enters a discussion of "ethnological" and "ideological" intelligence; and his work from that point becomes less convincing.



The trouble, I think, arises from a gradual blurring as to the nature of intelligence and the role it can legitimately play. An understanding of other countries, their history, culture, and national character, is certainly necessary in setting the national course. Without such understanding there is always a tendency, especially among military men, to equate what a potential adversary is capable of doing with what he will do. All too easily is it assumed that the existence of power is by itself a motive for attack. Mr. McGovern avoids this fallacy; but he substitutes for it what seems too broad and general a definition of "strategic intelligence."

The scholarly and philosophical tasks of evaluating cultural patterns and assessing a country's national character are so far removed from the gathering of intelligence in the ordinary sense as almost to make the word meaningless. Moreover, there are no intrinsic standards of objectivity or discipline which make it possible for the intelligence officer to appraise these exceedingly subtle and complex factors. Mr. McGovern himself, when he comes to deal with "ideological intelligence," resorts freely to *a priori* judgments and inductive reasoning. As a political scientist he may often be right. But as a collector of "strategic intelligence" he has neither special sources nor valid criteria for judgment. His most fruitful insights are actually those of the scholar in the library, not of the expert on intelligence.

Attempting to predict "the shape of tomorrow" the author reveals a congery of opinions with which the reader may or may not agree but to which we can hardly attribute any authoritative sanction. These opinions are supposedly the fruit of "strategic intelligence." More accurately they can be said to be the fruit of observation and reflection, of deep-rooted values and vigorous prejudice. All these qualities, including the vigorous prejudice, have a place in the evaluation of intelligence data. It seems unfortunate, however, to confuse these qualities with intelligence itself, and thus to attribute to military sources a gift of prophecy beyond their just claims.

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FICTION

Literati in Isolation

"The New Zealanders: A Sequence of Stories," by Maurice Shadbolt *(Atheneum. 256 pp. $4), in portraying the floundering of lonely people, reveals much about the country in which they live. New Zealander Ngaio Marsh is distinguished for the literary quality of her whodunits.*

By Ngaio Marsh

MAURICE SHADBOLT'S stories are written with economy and penetration, they show an acute awareness of character and situation, and those of them—the greater number—that are set in the author's native country reek of their background. They are highly symptomatic of the present state of letters in New Zealand.

Any consideration of this state inevitably turns about New Zealand's short history and geographical position. These islands are extraordinarily remote. The white population came from another group of islands at the farthest end of the world, and until recently there has been comparatively little immigration from any country other than the British Isles. Thus we are a doubly insular people. We tell each other vehemently that it's time we forgot our immaturity and our isolation. We also, just as vehemently, remind our critics that we are a young and remote country. This defiant and uneasy ambivalence is obliquely reflected in Mr. Shadbolt's stories.

A century and a half ago, when our British forebears began to colonize these islands, they looked at them with astonishment. The early painters and writers presented their new country in the light of their own Victorian idiom and, having a perspective, often achieved distinction. They worked, as it were, with hands upraised in wonder, and their terms of reference were wholly European.

With succeeding generations of native-born writers this sense of wonder faded and was at first replaced by a distressing familiarity—a tendency to lard both verse and prose with great slabs of undigested local color.

Only one New Zealander, a "European" if ever there was one, wrote so compulsively that in her short stories the human predicament and its antipodean setting mingle inevitably and without self-consciousness. This was Katherine Mansfield. She was a lone figure.

It was not until the Thirties that anything like a genre began to appear under the influence of Hemingway and Steinbeck. There rose at last a tough, laconic school of writers who are resentful, though never wholly unaware, of their British antecedents. This love-hate attitude towards Great Britain still exists, and Mr. Shadbolt is one of its exponents. It is interesting to learn that, having come to England, he stayed there for some considerable time. It is even more interesting to know that he has returned home. Significantly, in the last of these stories, which concerns itself with Dominion students in London, he is ready to laugh at attitudes that I think he would have taken solemnly when he was still in New Zealand.

Indeed, a portentous solemnity and an overstatement of regional mannerisms too often appear in New Zealand writing. At its least successful it becomes merely reportage. And, unfortunately, in their isolation poets and novelists are obliged to take in each other's esthetic washing. Literary criticism turns in upon itself.

Some of the poets, and there are very distinguished poets in New Zealand, transcend insularity and the kind of owlish weightiness I have tried to suggest. Very few of the short-story writers do so, and Mr. Shadbolt, though he writes better than most, is not entirely free of it. At his best he is very good indeed: moving, brilliant, and penetrating; with a superb eye for the immediate scene and a wonderful compassion and understanding. "The Strangers" is faultlessly done. However, his style is uneven. There are occasional lapses into commercialese. Verbs are used needlessly as nouns; images are occasionally overworked. Having said this, there is nothing to add but praise.

The New Zealanders of these stories are, for the most part, lonely people: tentative, hesitant, and unable to deal with their own spiritual predicaments. Usually we are confronted with a stalemate. Here it is an attempt in a generous but always unrealized personality to bridge the gap between local conventions. There it is the tragic outcome of adolescent attraction in the face of adolescent brutality. In one story, an early one, which harks back to the post-depression decade in New Zealand, we see the hopeless isolation of the committed but inarticulate Communist. In another we are made to feel the essential inhumanity of the Communistic machinery. In terms of the contemporary social set-up in New Zealand it is impossible to pin up an economic backcloth behind Mr. Shadbolt's often tragic *mise en scènes.* There is no poverty, as the rest of the world knows it, in New Zealand. There is still, he seems to tell us, a spiritual poverty: the incurable problem of the

(Continued on page 46)

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"Is Rome better off without Julius Caesar? Worse? Undecided?"

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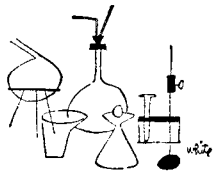
Strength on the Bench

LAST YEAR two teen-aged American radio hams astounded the scientific community when they transmitted signals to each other by bouncing radio waves off on earth satellite passing overhead. This pioneering feat, noteworthy in itself, is doubly meaningful because it gives us still another proof that the unsubsidized, independent amateur is capable of making a solid contribution to modern scientific research.

There was a time, of course, when most scientists were gifted amateurs. One thinks of Van Leeuwenhoek, pioneer microscope maker and janitor of the town hall in Delft, Holland, who amazed representatives of England's Royal Society by showing them through his crude lenses the "wee beasties" that swarm about in a drop of ditchwater. In subsequent centuries well-to-do amateurs, men of leisure and education who studied nature purely for the love of it, figured prominently in the life of science. Still another type of amateur was the pragmatic workshop tinkerer, who lacked formal education but who often won through to important insights simply by "monkeying around" with the materials of nature.

By the early 1800s these amateur and professional scientists formed a populous, peaceable kingdom within which there was a slow but effective exchange of ideas and data, and within which the successful experimenter enjoyed the approbation not only of his colleagues but also of a surprisingly variegated popular audience. However, during the subsequent scientific explosion, the sciences were "rationalized" into discrete, often mutually exclusive disciplines, and something of a chill settled over the once bonhommous scientific community. Within the space of a century the various sciences became alienated not only from the humanities, but to a large extent from each other.

In such an atmosphere the broad-gauge, nonprofessional experimenter was an early casualty. Scientists now began to use the phrase "amateur scientist" in the pejorative sense, when they used it at all. The "human" perimeter of the scientific community slowly shrank until, with few exceptions, it embraced only those professionally qualified persons engaged full time in scientific work; science thus lost a helpful and sympathetic public.



NOW the advent of nuclear fission and space rocketry seems to have opened up a new era of friendly interchange between the professional and the amateur scientist. All over the country amateur science organizations report a sharp upswing in enrollment. According to C. L. Stong, author of the recently published work "The Amateur Scientist," America's amateurs are numerous, enthusiastic, and immensely capable; the book gives eye-opening details of professional-level work done by amateurs in such specialized fields as nuclear physics, aerodynamics, electronics, and archeology.

This resurgence of activity among amateurs clearly raises the question of whether nonprofessionals, in the best sense of the word, may not again make a healthy contribution to science. For example, can the judicious use of gifted amateur volunteers help to alleviate the shortage of moderately skilled manpower in such meagerly subsidized areas as biological research? Perhaps one of the science research foundations will someday survey the manpower needs of the various research institutes, then try to find matching amateur volunteers willing to work part time on the so-called service levels. An example on the beginning level might be that of an accountant whose college "minor" was biology; such a man, familiar with elementary lab procedure, might be willing to serve part time as lab assistant under close supervision. This practice might well extend to social science research, which has its share of amateurs possessing language and other skills. Throughout such a program, care would of course be taken to cooperate with any employees' unions in the field.

Predictably, many researchers will blanch at the suggestion that they allow ham-handed, unreliable amateurs to invade their labs and studies. But organized amateur astronomy provides an analogy and model that should dispel such fears. The movement, which has an estimated 25,000 members in America, gives its participants complex, exacting assignments that are executed with professional competence; the ham-handed and the unreliable are quickly weeded out. In such organizations as the American Association of Variable Star Observers, world-famous astronomers work in close and respectful interdependence with amateurs; indeed, a great many of America's leading astronomers are former members of these groups.

Similarly, America's 225,000 amateur radio operators meet a high standard of professional excellence, and often are the only dependable means of communication in times of disaster. The development of short-wave radio and of many important electronic devices was made possible by active cooperation between professional scientists and amateur radio operators.

The dedicated and gifted amateur, working alone in his tool-shed lab, has always been something of an American folk figure. If we can find a place for him and his colleagues on our various research teams, the sciences will not only gain an enthusiastic new public, but will also gain something else every good team ought to have—strength on the bench. —HALLOWELL BOWSER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DISHARMONY

In his First of the Month column Cleveland Amory mentions as the most infuriating story of the month the story of the American Legionnaires of Harmony, North Carolina, and their conception of sportsmanship [*SR*, Feb. 4]. This annual exhibition of sheer brutality on the part of the Harmony rabbit-hunters is not only infuriating; it is also humiliating and degrading to many North Carolinians.

Until, as Mr. Amory says, we get some action, the town should be known as Disharmony. I heartily endorse his declaration of open season on the men in question.

Ina Forbus.

Chapel Hill, N. C.

JIM CROW

John Ciardi's "Jim Crow Is Treason" [*SR*, Feb. 4] is one of the best statements of the issue that, above all others, is tearing our country apart.

Since this is the year in which so much is being said about the Civil War in a nostalgic frame of reference, I think this article should be read and reread all over America. For it places in true perspective the whole problem that besets the nation: "There can be no solution until the Negro has achieved full equality, and so long as the South remains nostalgic for the porticos and crinolines of its own lost image . . . it will not tolerate equality."

If we bask in an aura of misty blue and gray, of distant drumrolls, syrupy Southern songs, and haloed hallucinations of Northern victory, we shall continue to waste the precious time needed to win the victory of which Mr. Ciardi writes so forcefully.

Marye Myers.

Los Angeles, Calif.

That Jim Crow is un-Christian and un-American is undeniable. That it is treason, as Mr. Ciardi affirms, is a seemingly valid extension. Here in the South, Jim Crow is a cult, almost a religion, demanding the talents and tithes of its devotees, and punishing any deviation. In return it drugs them with a powerful opiate, which dulls conscience, prevents communication with reality, and clothes them in a mauve-tinted fantasy, wherein they retreat to the safety of a dream past, their movements predetermined, their speech limited to spurious axioms, their power of reason excised, but where they are crinolined belles and bearded gallants all.

Today in downtown Montgomery full skirts sweep the pavements, and no man is safe without chin whiskers. Ostensibly they commemorate the Civil War Centennial, but actually their play-acting is a part of the drugged dream, a retreat from reality, all gaiety on the surface, seething with unresolved problems underneath. To suggest that a more appropriate memorial to the Civil War heroes would be a positive step toward restoring human dignities

long denied would be useless. To suggest that the energies invested in perpetuating the fantasy could be better used in erasing inequities and eliminating discrimination would invite personal recriminations. The devotees of Jim Crow, hypnotized by the incantations of their high priests, are incapable of facing adult problems in a complex world. They can only strike out viciously when their dream world is threatened.

I, as a Southerner born and bred, whose forefathers fought for the Confederate cause and held sacred the Confederate flag, feel that the South's loss of positive idealism is the deepest of tragedies. The past can in no way redeem the present.

Gene Birkhead.

Montgomery, Ala.

As a Southerner from North Carolina, as a moderate on the racial issue, and as an admirer of the working idealism characteristic of your publication, I must lodge a protest against Mr. Ciardi's article. I agree with his goals, which are espoused by many people, yet his attitude is to be depreciated as much as that of the recalcitrant white supremacist. As opposed to the "massive resistance" proclaimed by the latter type, Mr. Ciardi offers "massive retaliation." Neither is the practicable answer.

Most seriously, his is an attitude which is not conducive to a successful resolution of a complex and highly emotional issue. Under existing circumstances the best possible answer lies in a path of progress enabling both black and white to live together without lasting resentment once the Negro has been raised to a level of dignity commensurate with our democratic ideals. Despite strong pressures from within and without our country, this cannot be done overnight. And, after all, it is the Southerners and not the visitors who must live with the results of adjustment. Pressure upon the South may be needed, but so is sympathy and understanding.

Hugh W. Stephens.

Hamden, Conn.

I find John Ciardi's indiscriminate attack on the South not only unworthy of its author but certainly as unwarranted as the opinions of the more racially bigoted Southerners. Mr. Ciardi applies his opinions to "the South" in the broadest sense and makes no provision for the non-bigoted, clear-headed Southerners who are striving to correct the social situation which he deplores. May I suggest that this is sectional bigotry? Should one, using Mr. Ciardi's type of reasoning, infer that "the North" is also collectively guilty of treason because of the occurrence of racial strife in that region, where laws declaring the equality of the races are in existence?

Incidentally, in his generalizations concerning the South's "past-oriented culture," Mr. Ciardi is condemning such things as the practice of common courtesy and the willingness on the part of the individual to render aid to others, two cultural elements that are decidedly lacking in some of the more "progressive" areas of our country.

James I. Marlowe.

Salem, Mo.

OVERLOOKED OVERSEER

Cleveland Amory, in his First of the Month column [*SR*, Feb. 4], lists Tom Lamont as the president of the Board of Overseers at Harvard. This, I regret to advise you, is in error, as the president of the Board of Overseers is none other than Devereux C. Josephs.

Chase Mellen, Jr.

New York, N. Y.

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Hollywood

Continued from page 23

are apparently unknown and unknowable. Certainly the favorites of the past year fail to furnish much guidance. The top twelve as listed by *Variety*, the industry's weekly Bible, are as follows: "Ben-Hur," the epic to end all epics; "Solomon and Sheba," a minor-league epic whose historical inaccuracies and ostentatious bad taste gave rise to rumors that Cecil DeMille must still be alive; Hitchcock's "Psycho," an inexpensive chiller-diller, which in time will probably prove the highest-grossing black-and-white negative since Griffith's "Birth of a Nation"; "Can-Can," a musical which neither Khrushchev nor the critics, but only the public, seemed to like; "Operation Petticoat," "The Apartment," and "Please Don't Eat the Daisies," three comedies chockfull of chuckles rather than belly laughs; two sex sizzlers, "Butterfield 8" and "From the Terrace," and the sizzlier if not sexier "Suddenly Last Summer," which Eric Johnston, a connoisseur of movies if not of erotica, testified that he had seen three times without detecting any suggestion of homosexuality; "On the Beach," a message picture of the type which exhibitors have for years claimed should be circulated by Western Union and not in picture theatres, and "Ocean's 11," which at the very time that all authorities were agreeing that star value was waning, owed its popularity to the presence in the cast of members of the so-called rat pack, Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, and Peter Lawford. So much for the experts!

Although "controversial" is still a dirty word in the motion picture lexicon, "mature" is for the moment the password. Unfortunately, many producers apparently suffer from the immature delusion that mature pictures are exclusively those dealing with sex in its more sordid aspects. They seem to be unaware of the many dramatic situations in a dynamic, democratic society and in a rapidly changing world order worthy of cinematic attention besides seduction and promiscuity. Until recently motion pictures were subject to the strict surveillance of censor boards in some dozen states and over fifty municipalities. A series of Supreme Court decisions, however, has so undermined the scope and power of pre-release censorship that only five state boards still survive, and they rarely, if ever, ban a picture; at the most, they insist on a few comparatively inconsequential cuts. A handful of municipal boards still occasionally make a local nuisance of themselves but if Memphis, for example, condemns "The Lovers," this only serves to stimulate the citizenry in large numbers to cross the river to East Memphis to see how wicked the picture might be—and to return home considerably disappointed.

A MORE potent control over picture content in the past was exercised by the industry itself through the Code Authority of the Motion Picture Association, which refuses to grant its seal of approval to any picture that might "lower the moral standards of those who see it." More specifically, it stipulates that "adultery and illicit sex must not be explicitly treated or justified" and "that the treatment of low, disgusting, unpleasant subjects should be guided always by the dictates of good taste." The terms of the Code have not been substantially altered since it was adopted in 1930. Like the United States Constitution, however, its enforcement varies greatly with their interpretation. What is good taste to one individual is nauseating to another. Men of good will can and frequently do disagree on whether certain subjects are "low and disgusting."

In the last few years the Code has, in the words of the National Council of Churches of Christ, "become increasingly ineffective." "Happy Anniversary," for instance, dealt with a situation in which David Niven and Mitzi Gaynor, a happily married couple, unashamedly admit that they had had premarital relations. This is taboo, according to the Code, and at the last moment to pass the picture a speech was dubbed in in which Niven says (he was abroad and a substitute voice had to be used): "I was wrong. I never should have taken Alice to that hotel room before we were married. What could I have been thinking of?" If the question arises of what the Code Authority could have been thinking of, the answer is that it was thinking of the independent producers who have proved far less tractable than the veteran presidents of the major companies to suggested sacrifices in behalf of "good taste" or the even more nebulous imponderable known as "public relations."

Even the Legion of Decency, the major religious pressure group, has shown a disposition to tolerate pictures that formerly would have been summarily banned as sacrilegious or pornographic. Only the American Legion re-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

FROM C TO C

Norma Gleason of Emmett, Michigan, offers a group of words which begin and end with the third letter of the alphabet, gives their definitions, and asks you to fill in the blanks. If baffled, c page 61.

1. C – – C	stylish
2. C – – – – – – C	beauty preparation
3. C – – – – – C	inveterate
4. C – – – – C	French brandy
5. C – – – – – – – – – – – C	privately owned and managed
6. C – – – – – C	model
7. C – – – – C	one who judges or reviews
8. C – – – C	funny
9. C – – – – – – – – – C	pertaining to gymnastics
10. C – – – – – – C	like an angel
11. C – – – – – C	made from clay
12. C – – – C	member of Greek sect
13. C – – – – – – – C	British sight-seeing bus
14. C – – – – – C	hidden
15. C – – – – – – – C	pertaining to color
16. C – – – C	pain in the abdomen
17. C – – – – – – C	universal
18. C – – – – C	member of the clergy
19. C – – – – – – – – – – – C	disastrous
20. C – – – – – C	sarcastic
21. C – – – C	having three dimensions
22. C – – – – C	place for medical treatment
23. C – – – – C	vast, immeasurable
24. C – – – – – C	pertaining to heat
25. C – – – – – – C	angry

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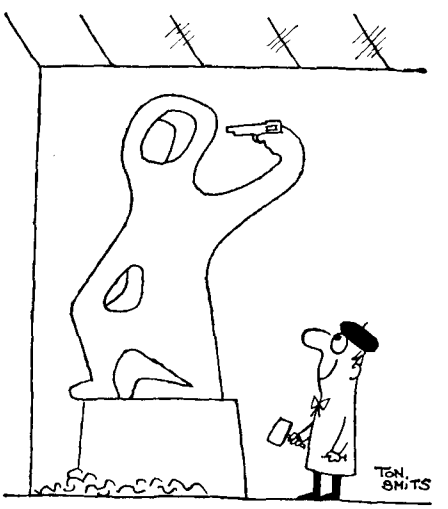
mains to safeguard our patriotism if not our virtue. The power of the Legion was graphically illustrated when Frank Sinatra, declaring that he was "prepared to stand on his principles," hired Albert Maltz, one of the "uncooperative Hollywood ten," to write a screen treatment. So great was the outcry raised by the Legion, aided and abetted by the Hearst press, that Mr. Sinatra, who usually poses as a tough guy, quickly threw his principles overboard, discharged Mr. Maltz, and announced that he accepted "the majority opinion of the American public."

HOW Mr. Sinatra ascertained this "majority opinion" he neglected to reveal. It needs no public poll, however, to discover that there is a rising tide of disapproval of the "pathological preoccupation with sex and violence" of many of the current "mature" pictures. When Bob Hope cracked, "Our big pictures this year have had some intriguing themes—sex, perversion, adultery, cannibalism—we'll get those kids away from their TV sets yet," the laughter that ensued was less than hilarious. In forty state legislatures, measures are expected to be introduced this year calling for some form of censorship or at least classification of films suitable for children.

Statutory restrictions of this nature are in force in almost every country in the world except the U. S. The English system, which appears to function to the satisfaction of moviegoers without undue hardship to picture makers, classifies movies into three categories: those regarded as suitable for all age groups, those acceptable for children only when accompanied by their parents, and those restricted to adults only. Personally, I object to the third category, feeling that the final responsibility for what their progeny see or hear should as far as possible rest with the parents. But the shrieks rising from Hollywood and New York that classification is only censorship in a new guise comes with ill grace from an industry that over the years has permitted the bulk of the battle against restrictions on the freedom of the screen to be borne by small, independent importers. Ephraim London, who, representing the importers, won both "The Miracle" and the "Lady Chatterley's Lover" cases and who is unquestionably the leading legal adversary of film censorship, is not an opponent of classification. Indeed, it is intellectually difficult to distinguish between it and other well-recognized government procedures for the protection of minors, such as their exclusion from bars, pool rooms, and restricted shelves in public libraries.

Every effort, however, should be made to avoid classification in the U.S., where it can safely be predicted that the boards that would make the rulings would be more apt to be composed of political hacks and the widows of police sergeants than of psychiatrists, educators, and social scientists. Nonetheless, legislation of this nature is, I fear, inevitable unless the Motion Picture Association and the Theatre Owners Association, when merchandising such films as "Strangers When We Meet," "Butterfield 8," "Happy Anniversary," "The Bramble Bush," and dozens more, make clear in their newspaper, TV, radio, trailer, and lobby advertising that such pictures are not designed for young and impressionable minds and that parents permitting their children to attend them do so at their own risk. Such advertising may occasionally prove costly but it is the industry's only protection if it desires, as it certainly should, to continue to produce pictures that deal candidly and with real maturity with the dramatic aspects of sex, violence, politics, and religious or medical quackery. Exhibitors must also exhibit restraint in not double-booking films appealing to children, like "Pollyanna" or "Swiss Family Robinson," with such repulsive rubbish as "Night of the Blood Beast," "The Screaming Skull," or "Operation Dames." The accusation, however, that motion pictures even as offensive as these produce juvenile delinquency is thoroughly unscientific. In a society where newspapers, television, radio, and the comics compete to feature sadism and brutality, it is impossible to isolate and measure the effects of any one medium. The furthest that responsible psychiatrists dare to venture is to suggest that in some cases certain pictures might aggravate antisocial tendencies.

In the long run, where an open market prevails and where the public pays



the bill as it does in movies but not in TV, the country will get as good art or entertainment as it deserves. Walt Whitman once wrote: "To have great poets there must be a great audience." The same is true of motion pictures. A sluggish, apathetic people will be satisfied with sentimental, escapist movies. A strong, virile nation will demand and receive films warm with insight, tenderness, and power. If, Heaven forbid, the screen version of "Lolita" becomes fabulously profitable, this is the type of picture that will more and more dominate our screen. If, on the other hand, "Sons and Lovers" proves more profitable than early reports indicated, we will have more pictures of this high quality. You do not get good movies by staying at home and criticizing the offensive ones, but by patronizing the good ones.

PERSONALLY, I am a corrigible optimist, by which I mean I believe that we are making progress but making it in these critical times far too slowly and too intermittently. The old Mencken dictum that "no one ever went broke underestimating the taste of the American public" is still true, but it is also true that money can be made by having faith in the taste of a substantial segment of the public. It is a long stride forward from the dramatic and musical Broadway hits of my youth such as "Abie's Irish Rose" and "Capt. Jinks of the Horse Marines" to "The Miracle Worker" and "My Fair Lady." I have no brief for the current best-sellers, such as "Hawaii" and "Advise and Consent," but surely they represent an improvement in subject matter and skill over "Three Weeks" and "When Knighthood Was in Flower." More Americans are attending concerts than baseball games and over the weekends the art museums are scarcely capable of accommodating the crowds. It is unfortunate that our most popular current movies fail to indicate similar progress in cinematic taste but the fine reception extended to some comparatively inexpensive English pictures such as "Room at the Top," "I'm All Right, Jack," "The Mouse That Roared," and "Tunes of Glory" are at least an encouraging symptom.

Looking back over the past decade, the movie executives (at least those who know their Shakespeare) can with pardonable pride say with Hotspur: "Out of this nettled danger we pluck this flower safety." But while they have been preoccupied with plucking the flower, their old-time laurels have been withering. Surely it is not enough for any medium of communication to be safe in a world which calls for courage, beauty, gaiety, and truth.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Schippers at the Philharmonic—Alwin Nikolais

THOMAS SCHIPPERS's musicality and sense of the orchestrally appropriate were employed to the best results yet in the latest of his seasonal visits to the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. This one included something of an exercise in adaptability, for the apex of the evening was occupied by the spacious "Alexander Nevsky" of Serge Prokofiev. Thus a large part of the stage space was given over to the stands for the choristers, never a favorable prognosis for good orchestral sound in Carnegie Hall.

Moreover, the stands themselves were occupied by a sizable part of the chorus during the first half of the concert, devoted to works of Schubert and Debussy. They had, of course, no participation in the C minor Symphony (No. 4) of Schubert, except as spectators. Schippers chose to use all the Philharmonic strings for this essentially intimate work of Schubert, and their presence did become a factor—the rather massive sound somewhat muffled by the forty or so singers on the stand.

With or without respect to this, it was excellent Schubert that Schippers and the orchestra provided in this too-seldom-heard work, a tribute to his basic musicality and the sense of the orchestrally appropriate noted above. Melodic lines flowered naturally, the pulse of the music beat regularly, it all developed within a scheme of values essentially Schubertian. Whatever the colorations in the work which have caused it be called "Tragic" (and I, for one, scarcely see the tint at all), Schippers delivered the note content justly.

There was also a good deal of suitability in his projection of Prokofiev's "Alexander Nevsky" music, possibly the best film music ever written—or, to put it another way, the best music for a film (and this happened to be a very good one by Eisenstein) ever written. At a distance of some twenty years, it is clear that this was one of the generative works of Prokofiev's career, for which he found new symbols to express long-standing emotions, and was impelled, by the deeply national elements involved, to search within himself for new balances and combinations of musical ideas. Some of them also fueled the fire of the big symphonies (Nos. 5, 6, and 7) of the Forties and Fifties.

The power and directness of the musical imagery are much in accord with Schippers's own propulsive approach to music and the directness of his attack on a given problem. He had conspicuously suitable assistance from the Symphonic Choir of the Westminster Choir College, which took the Russian text (or the phonetic equivalent thereof) in its stride. Lili Chookasian, a mezzo well known in the Chicago area, did even better in her Philharmonic debut in the solo passages of "The Field of the Dead." Her dark, rich sound, well used, gave this section just what was wanted.

Between these extremes was the midterrain of Debussy's "Nocturnes," always a challenging task for a conductor, especially with the orchestra spread out laterally across the stage (cymbal at the extreme left, harps at the far right). Doubtless the work was chosen because the presence of the choristers enabled Schippers to add "Sirènes" to the more usual sequence of "Nuages" and "Fêtes." However, as Debussy asked no more than eight female voices for this section (and some conductors have had them sing offstage), it was hardly necessary to accept the handicaps imposed by the forty that were used. The result could be likened to a rough drawing of Debussy's purpose with not all the detail worked out. —IRVING KOLODIN.

• • •

FOR the jaded dancegoer who has seen it all, known it all, and felt it all, a trip downtown to the Henry Street Playhouse will, I guarantee, restore his zest. Alwin Nikolais, the choreographer-costumer *musique concrète*-musician, has whipped his eleven young and talented dancers into a pinpoint-precise evening of abstraction. The program, which ran for three weekends in late January and early February (and will, I hope, be repeated), premieres two new works, "Stratus" and "Nimbus." But the names are the merest of pegs on which Nikolais hangs his fertile imagination. "Stratus," for those who want a guide, introduces "layers" of color blocks and strips of cloth stretched across the stage, while "Nimbus" provides an excuse for "circles" of movements, hoops and halos. For this exhilarating trip to the outer space of the dance mind, the spectator needs to know nothing more.

To the accompaniment of jangling, pulsating, sometimes shrieking and often terrifying sounds, any number of things happen: giant snowmen eight feet tall turn out to be clusters of spiderlike nests; a Greek frieze of bodies emerges into dancers with eerie suction cups for hands; a girl playing with a hoop suddenly changes into a pair of butterfly wings; the entire troupe, moving like the figures of a pinball machine—the French *futbol*—finally reveals a huge disc attached to one foot like a shoe, and this augments the music with its clangings against the floor. Mr. Nikolais has devised a series of concepts and uses of the human body that are not only esthetic and a delight visually but also quite new.

Perhaps the virtuosity of the evening is most clearly and humorously shown in "Skirts," one of the three numbers from "Kaleidoscope," which concludes the evening. In it virtually everything that can be done with a skirt is done—it is worn on the knees to make the dancer look enormous, or wrapped around the ears to reduce her to midget-size, or thrown over the head or shoulders, or tossed on a foot. Although, as with most abstractions in any form, the program could be more pointed, less aimlessly exhibitionistic, somehow I nevertheless think that in Mr. Nikolais there is definitely a genius at work—and at play.

—FAUBION BOWERS.

Three Moments of Truth

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

IT WAS up in the stacks,
In the racks of books,
That I saw the lovers pair,
Euclid a shape
On the accurate floor,
High in that rhythmic air;
The evening, the campus,
The distant town,
Burning with leaves
In the smoldering brown.

Syllogistic the hour:
Oh, Logic, thou flower,
Thou sun in the falling sky;
Two students I knew
Who, at last, had learned
A little of do-or-die.
The hour of love,
And what could I say;
"Desire is truth,"
I had taught them, "obey."

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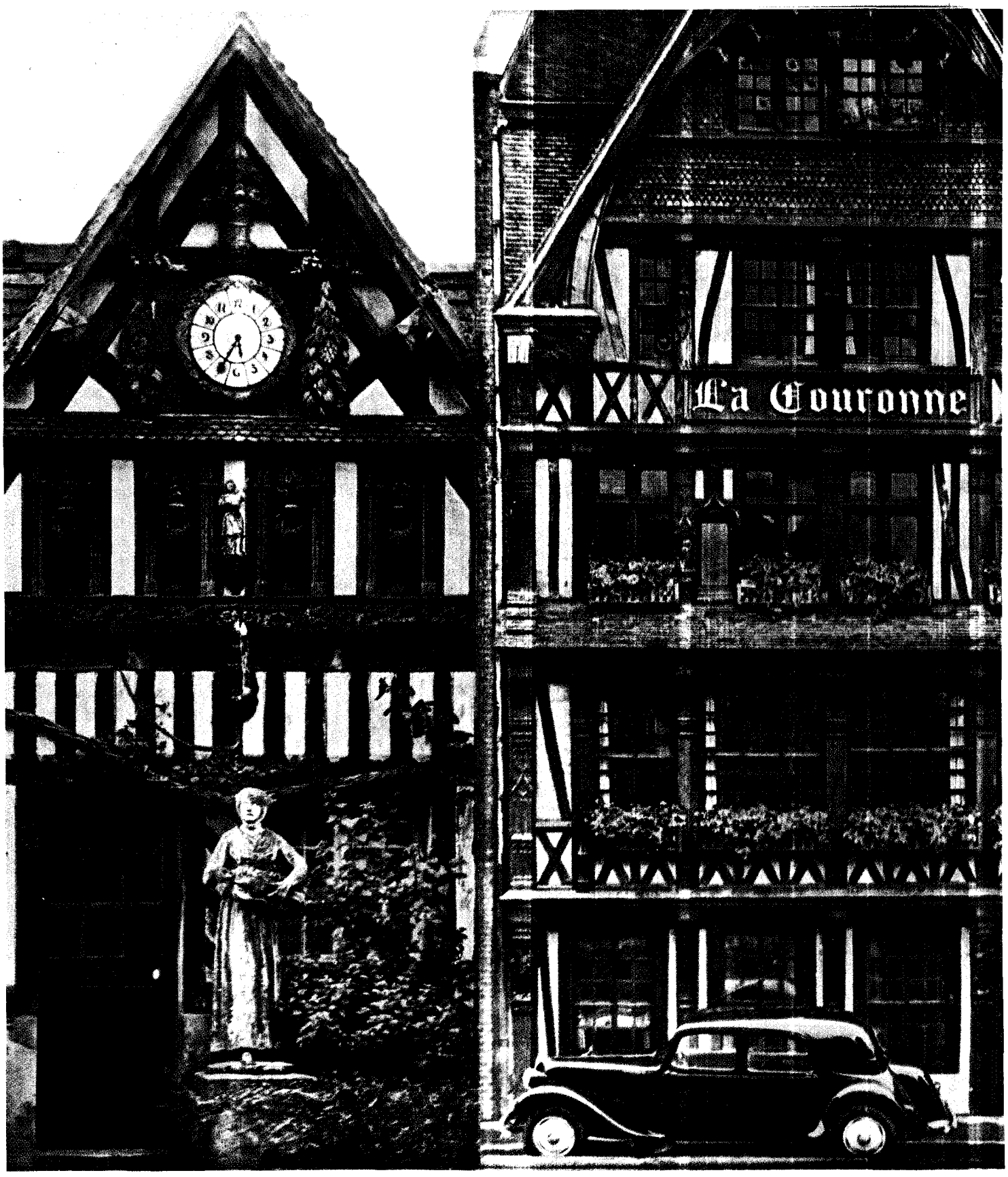

These 4 timbered Norman Inns are worth the trip to France.

This inn is right out of a French fable. Its towering gateway opens to a courtyard crowded with old, ornate fountains and amusing statues. You'll dine, as William the Conqueror did, in an 11th Century banquet hall, its roof heavy with carving, its roaring fires crusting an appled pig. Sip the night away on friendly Calvados, or slip off to a fabulous room once slept in by the elder Dumas. And such a room, breakfast and dinner will cost only $8—complete.

The oldest inn in France, this is a beautiful example of 14th Century architecture. Its walls are crisscrossed with smoky timber. Its windows open to Joan of Arc's tragic square. And its kitchen is superb. There are no rooms at the inn but you can spend a memorable evening over the delicate Pâté de Caneton de Rouen, the local fillet of Saint Pierre smothered in Norman Hollandaise, followed by the Coquellet from the friendly fireplace and finally, a great cheese. Price: just $2, price-fixed.

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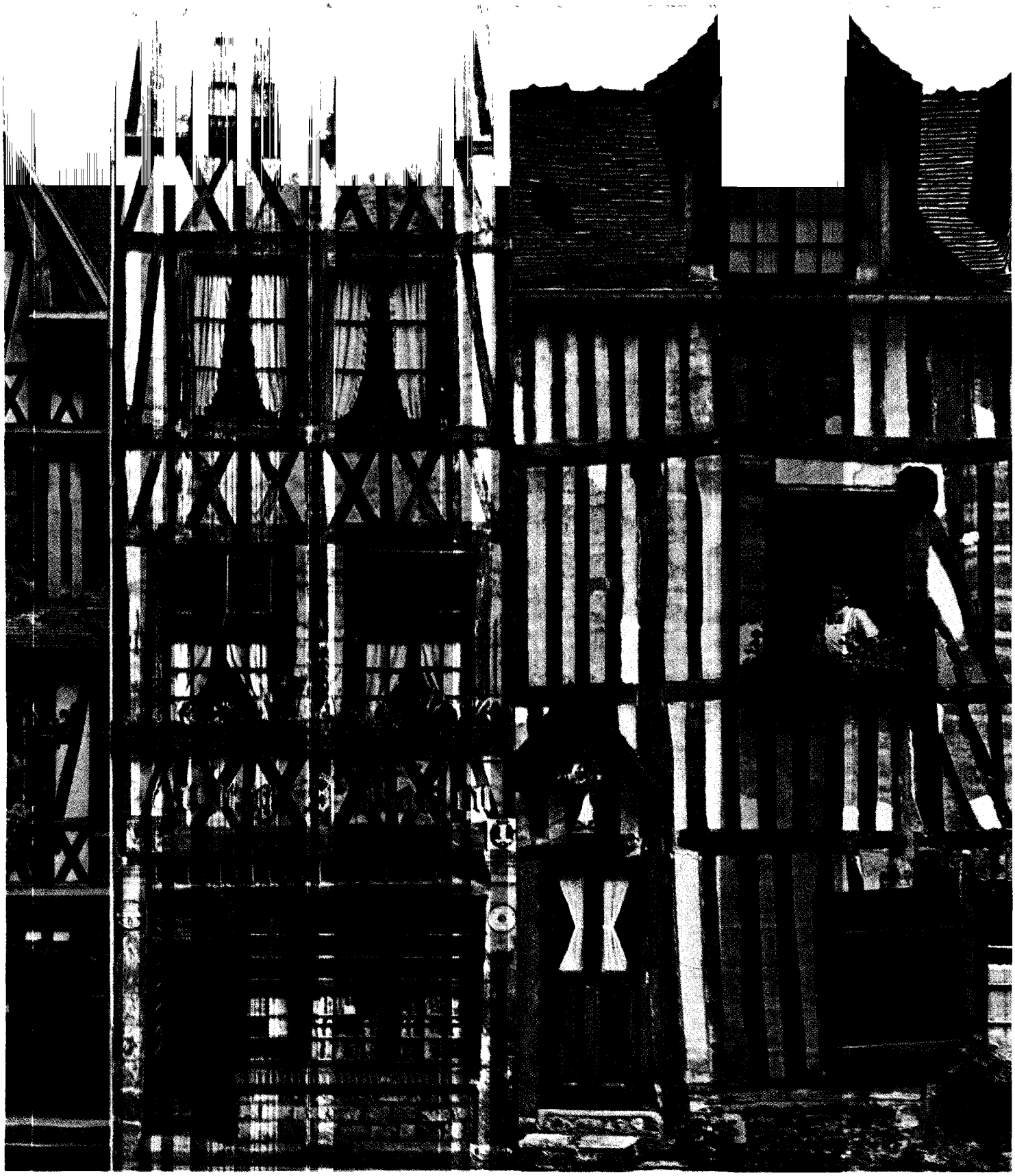

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Auberge Saint Maclou in Rouen. Deep in the artists quarter of Rouen, down an old brick street, you'll find this auberge. Tiny, simple, inexpensive, it's one of the finds in France. The first floor is terraced in ancient red tile. Old stone walls, primitive antiques, apple green goblets and a riot of flowered Norman pottery will put you in the mood for the good, rich, cream-and-butter cooking. You can have a delicious dinner here for $1.50, price-fixed. And a simple but immaculate room with modern conveniences for $2.25.

is in Pont-Aude... If you're mad for French Provincial collector's items, Heaven waits in Pont-Audemer. This auberge was converted from a tannery into an inn decades ago. It has all its original charm and one of France's most colorful antique collections. Exciting as the menu is, it's hard to keep your eyes off the pewter and brass. But you'll enjoy great Norman cooking here for $3.50 à la carte, and a fine room with a shower for a mere $4.

For a list of charming inns and other information on Normandy, write: Dept. S-32, Box 221, New York 10, French Government Tourist Office: New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Miami, Montreal.

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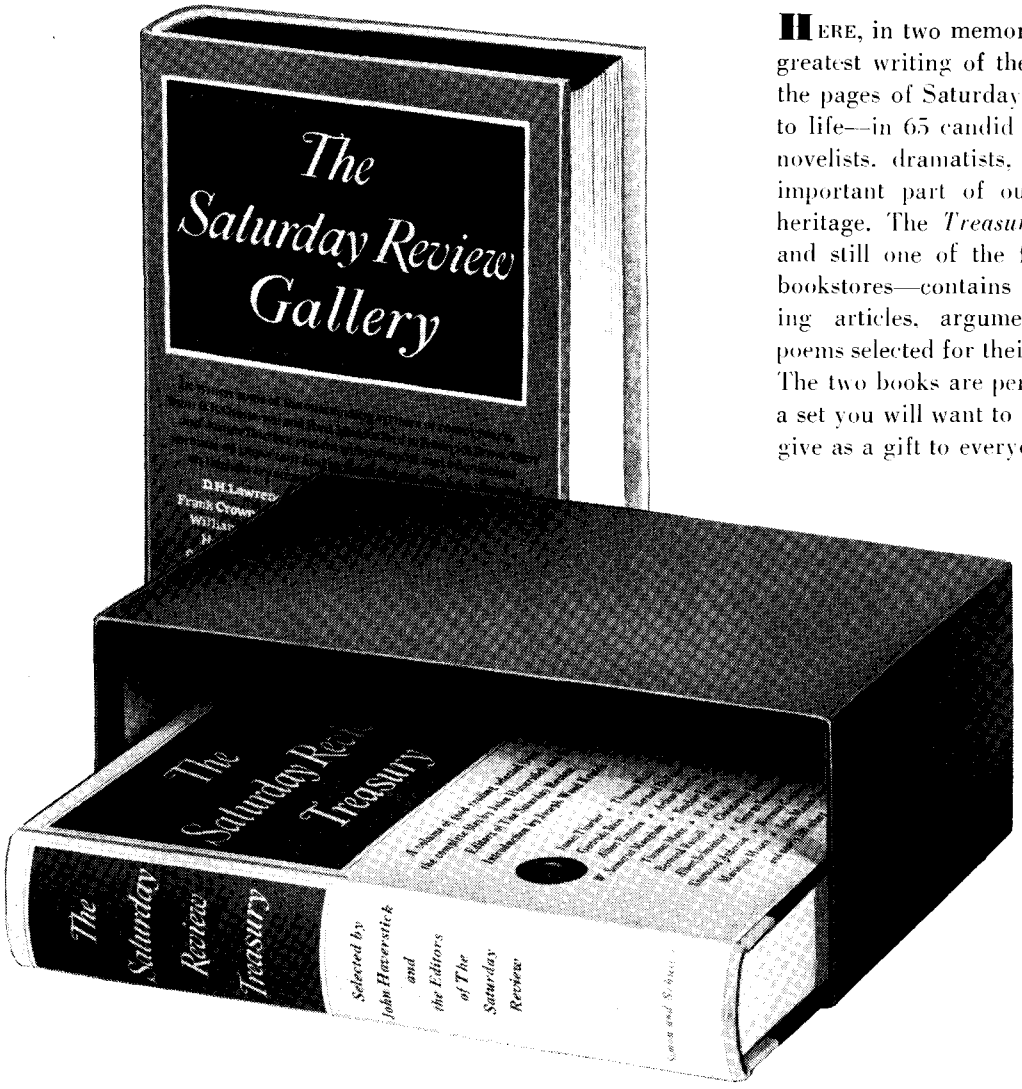
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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Tallulah's Merry Chase

IF DIRECTORS, actors, and designers frequently turn a good play into an inadequate evening of theatre, it stands to reason that they should also be able to do the reverse on occasion.

Director Burgess Meredith, actress Tallulah Bankhead, and designer Ben Edwards have been lavish with their talents in attempting the latter in "**Midgie Purvis.**" Unfortunately, Mary Chase's new comedy defies their heroic efforts because it is a bad play that also lacks the virtue of being consistently bad. In it Miss Bankhead portrays a slightly younger version of the "grandma" we met a couple of weeks ago in Edward Albee's "The American Dream." Somewhat more facetiously and bromidically than in that play, our society is criticized for making its own life joyless, and for inflicting that same joylessness on its children.

The result is a strange mixture of effective moments, almost-grasped notions, and tedium. Particularly hilarious is Miss Bankhead's reaction to the news that they are awaiting "the Plunketts." "The what?" says Miss Bankhead, dropping her voice two octaves in the manner made famous by Dusty Fletcher. And two or three times during the evening she allows her special and overwhelming ability for expressing a reluctant wisdom to grip both her and us. The imaginative Mr. Meredith's skill as a director is most neatly demonstrated in a scene between Clinton Sundberg as an amorous psychiatrist and Kim McArdle as his pretty but evasive quarry, whom he pursues within a framework of doctor-patient clichés. And Ben Edwards has constructed and painted settings that often make a nicer humorous comment than do the lines.

But in the end these high spots become insignificant islands in a chaotic sea. We go home remembering them, and remembering that Miss Chase seemed to have said some amusing and recognizably true things. We also remember that these were inundated by random and routine foolishness.

By modern standards, Dion Boucicault's nineteenth-century melodrama, "**The Octoroon,**" is a consistently bad play. And by any standards at all, the recent dreary productions of dramatic masterpieces by the Phoenix Theatre Company have rivalled Mr. Boucicault both in unsatisfactoriness and in consistency. But to everyone's surprise the Phoenix has performed "The Octoroon" with the utmost care and fidelity, and the new presentation continually emerges as fascinating and hilarious, despite the pricks of social conscience we may feel when we find ourselves laughing at victims of racial injustice.

The play spins an old-fashioned tale about the sale of a Southern plantation and the plight of the slaves who are forced to leave their home and kindly owner for harder bondage. But it is not so much the story that now seems absurd. Indeed, all the events of "The Octoroon" could have happened. Rather, it is such devices as stopping in the middle of a crisis to spout passages of noble rhetoric, the aside to the audience by the villain admitting his own nefarious nature and his inability to be anything else, the inhumanly spotless heroine who is beloved by everyone only to be betrayed by fate and her own goodness, and the unabashed way in which the playwright pulls out all the stops to wring our hearts.

The cast is excellent throughout. Juliet Randall, as Zoe the pretty octoroon, P. Jay Sidney as an elderly slave, Robert Blackburn as the handsome young scion with progressive leanings, Gerry Jedd as the vapid but wealthy girl who loves him unrequitedly, John Heffernan as the unmitigated scoundrel who almost has his way with Zoe, and Franklin Cover as the indecently decent overseer, all stand out. But for the third time this season it is Ray Reinhardt who emerges as the real tower of strength in this company. His all-out performance in the role of the noble savage who kills and scalps the villain is perfect.

It might be amusing to say that what director Stuart Vaughan has needed all along was a bad play, but this is not quite true. It would probably be more accurate to believe that Mr. Vaughan's skills as a director are most valuable in the production of plays where a series of well-executed theatrical highlights constitute the drama.

TWO other Off-Broadway attractions can be highly recommended to readers of this department. One is "**Call Me by My Rightful Name,**" which in Michael Shurtleff introduces the most interesting new playwright of the season. The other is an extremely good revival of Denis Johnston's Irish play, "**The Moon in the Yellow River.**" Unfortunately space restrictions force postponement of any discussion of these until another week.

—HENRY HEWES.

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Expedition Into the Interior

"The White Nile," by Alan Moorehead *(Harper. 360 pp. $5.95), introduces the intrepid and literate men whose explorations unveiled a mighty continent. Gwendolen M. Carter's most recent study is "Independence for Africa."*

By Gwendolen M. Carter

WITH the events of contemporary Africa so much in the forefront of the news, it is important to be reminded of how recent is our knowledge of the interior of the continent and of the vast difficulties and hardships of the explorers who laid the foundations of that knowledge. Nowhere are these difficulties and hardships more striking than in the story of the exploration of the White Nile, one of the greatest rivers of the world, though its source and much of its course were still unknown in Europe little more than a hundred years ago.

In a superbly written popular history, Alan Moorehead tells that story by following the lengthy, arduous journeys of a succession of courageous, resourceful, and supremely individualistic men, through whose flair for writing Europe first learned of the land and people of the Great Lakes area of Central Africa. With equal vividness though less marked success he also tells the more complicated story of the growing Anglo-Egyptian control in the Sudan, of the Moslem revolt under the Mahdi, which temporarily swept away almost all of their settlements, and of the re-establishment of Anglo-Egyptian control under Kitchener and the setting up of British overrule in Uganda, through which by the end of the century the White Nile was opened to Europe's influence from its source to the sea.

What makes this book so gripping is not only the essential drama of finding new places and learning of new ways of life but, more especially, meeting the characters who alternately shaped or were the creatures of events: scholarly, arrogant Richard Burton and self-assured John Speke, who set off together from Zanzibar in 1857 for the first trip into the interior and whose controversy over the source of the Nile started the great debate that enthralled Victorian England for the succeeding two decades; thorough and resourceful Samuel Baker with his lovely young wife, who endured incredible hardships without losing her beauty; David Livingstone and H. M. Stanley, who embodied the sharpest antithesis of selflessness and self-assertion yet complemented each other's achievements; Gordon and Kitchener of Khartoum, the one ascetic and irrational, the other efficient and cold, yet deeply moved as he re-entered the city where Gordon had been killed by the forces of the Mahdi; the Mahdi himself, inspired, cruel, but a remarkable leader, and Tippu Tib, the greatest though not the most ruthless of the Arab slave traders who were devastating Central Africa in this period.

It is hardly surprising that with such a cast the stage is hardly noticed. Mr. Moorehead's tightly knit and well-packed sentences bring a vivid picture of the landscape, as well as of the principal characters, but little of the life of the Africans, except the degrading effects of the Arab slave trade and the excesses and just occasionally the achievements of certain African leaders. It would have been remarkable had he done more, for the explorers themselves were rarely interested in the Africans as people. Most of them, and still more their Victorian audience, were imbued with the sense of white superiority, which, though greatly lessened, is still with us today.

Yet this lack of concern for the great mass of human beings whose homes were being opened up to European influence, much of it salutary, makes it sometimes difficult to remember that this book is about a continent whose swift evolution to independence is one of the most important developments of our day. To say this is not to criticize the author, who has produced an absorbing book on the chief figures of a significant part of Africa's recent history, but to underline the radical change in the past century not only in the conditions of Africa but also in our approach to that continent.

Massacre Under Law

"Shooting at Sharpeville: The Agony of South Africa," by Ambrose Reeves, Bishop of Johannesburg *(Houghton Mifflin. 141 pp. $3.50), bares the brutal police action in the Transvaal last March. Norman Phillips, the author of "The Tragedy of Apartheid," was there at the time.*

By Norman Phillips

THE WORLD was shocked last March 21st when South African police fired 743 shots into a crowd of Africans at the township of Sharpeville, killing eight women, ten children, fifty-one men, and wounding another 176 including thirty-one women and nineteen youngsters.

Sharpeville is a segregated community in the Transvaal, where about 15,000 Africans live. They form the labor pool for the white city of Vereeniging, forty-nine miles from Johannesburg. Both Sharpeville and Vereeniging belong to the Anglican diocese of Johannesburg, whose bishop is a fighter for decency named Ambrose Reeves.

Bishop Reeves quickly exposed the South African government's claim that its policemen acted in self-defense when faced by a dangerous mob of 20,000. (In fact, fewer than 5,000 Africans were gathered in a peaceful demonstration.) The bishop's intervention forced the appointment of a commission of inquiry, which revealed the damning fact that the police had shot 70 per cent of their victims in the back.

"Shooting at Sharpeville" is a flat, understated record of what happened on March 21st, prefaced by a description of the plight of nearly ten million Africans under the system of white

—Photo by Hanns Reich "Children of Many Lands" (Hill & Wang)

African baby—"segregated."

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supremacy called apartheid. The core of the book is a set of thirty photographs taken before, during, and after the massacre, which deserve the lines from Macaulay: "And then was seen what we believe to be the most frightful of all spectacles, the strength of civilization without its mercy.

When I was jailed by the South African government for reporting police brutality during last spring's racial troubles, the first question of my interrogators was: "Do you know Ambrose Reeves?" They were panting for the slightest shred of derogatory information concerning the bishop.

In his book Bishop Reeves lets the police condemn themselves. The wretched Lieutenant Colonel Gideon Pienaar, who was in uncertain command of nearly 300 police at Sharpeville, is asked at the inquiry: "Do you think you have learned any useful lesson from the evidence at Sharpeville?" He blurts out his reply: "Well we may get better equipment.'

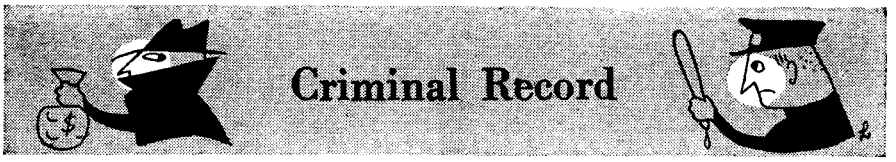
The white supremacy system in South Africa will last only as long as the African's fear of the police is greater than his resentment of rule by the three million white minority. The South African police, as the bishop explains, have become an army of occupation and act in that role with Gestapo arrogance that they are the law.

One man in three of the white police in South Africa is under twenty-one. Many of them are loutish youths with a minimum of education. Sharpeville showed that a high percentage of the force is neither sufficiently disciplined nor responsible enough to be entrusted with firearms. No order to fire was given, and their conduct breached their own code—the standing orders of the South African Police Force.

Their forty seconds of uncontrolled firing caused suffering and economic loss to 216 families and more than 500 children. In addition, Bishop Reeves believes the massacre means the end of peaceful African demonstrations as an expression of opposition, because no African now dares take part in such demonstrations for fear of being shot.

Strangely, Mr. Justice Wessels, who investigated the Sharpeville massacre for the South African government, filed his report without arriving at any conclusions. Bishop Reeves supplies the lack when he says simply:

> But out of that evil event good may yet come if those in South Africa turn from the bitterness of the past, believing that God has some better thing in store for all the peoples of their country than the way of Apartheid, which has shown all too clearly that it is a way of death and not of life.



SIX BLACK CAMELS. *By Edwin Lanham. Harcourt, Brace.* $3.50. Connecticut lawyer on spot when dromedary-draped missive proclaims snatch of well-heeled fellow citizen; love finds a way. Ingenious time-passer.

MARNIE. *By Winston Graham. Doubleday.* $3.95. English gal, congenital thief (she does right well at it, too) accepts marriage as alternative to exposure—and then the plot *really* thickens. Psychological factor stressed; good motion.

BACK ALLEY JUNGLE. *Edited by Leo Margulies. Crest.* 25¢. Pushers, pimps, and punks abound in these ten tales, all previously serialized, and all by U. S. writers. Welcome to Skid Row, *junior* grade!

VEIN OF VIOLENCE. *By William Campbell Gault. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Echoes of an earlier Hollywood resound when star falls into honest-to-goodness California moat; police move around, as does Peeper Brock Callahan, late of Los Angeles Rams. Breezy and chatty.

IMPACT. *By Harry Olesker. Random House.* $2.95. Seemingly motiveless killing of New York model (twenty-six, wed to CPA of fifty-seven) brings Deputy In pector Joseph Conrad (fifty-six) into action. Moves well when Dumas-type dialogue permits.

IF SHE SHOULD DIE. *By Forbes Rydell. Crime Club.* $2.95. New England bank stick-up is prelude to frightening moments for native daughter returning home; multiple deaths. Orthodox jane-in-jeopardy job.

GIDEON'S FIRE. *By J. J. Marric. Harper.* $3.50. Arson, stock swindle, one-shot killings, mass murder combine to keep CID top-shot on toes; added to these is problem on his own doorstep. Nice going, as expected.

CASE OF THE LAUGHING VIRGIN. *By Jonathan Craig. Gold Medal.* 35¢. Detectives Pete Selby and Stan Rayder, Manhattan homicide team, ring numerous doorbells before they snag killer of unpleasant actor; spectacle lens is important. Good motion.

THE LATE UNLAMENTED. *By Harry Carmichael. Crime Club.* $2.95. London honeymooners are jolted when body pops out of new wardrobe; cops do good job, but Quinn of the *Morning Post* does a better. Leisurely, pleasant, and a mite tricky.

THE CASE OF THE TWISTED SCARF. *By Francis Durbridge. Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. London mag publisher is eyed askance by Inspector Harry Yates when model is strangled in bucolic setting; second throttling follows. See-nearly-all technique moderately effective.

LADY, DROP DEAD. *By Lawrence Treat. Abelard-Schuman.* $2.95. Private and public eyes converge when passé movie star succumbs to knife wounds; action is in unspecified American area. Slightly whimsical.

A CASE FOR APPEAL. *By Lesley Egan. Harper.* $3.50. Double abortion deaths in rural Southern California community result in guilty verdict for doctor's daughter; her lawyer and nice police captain team to set aside jury's finding. Effectively and sensitively handled; frank about religious and national-origins angles.

SOME MUST WATCH. *By Stephen Ransome. Crime Club.* $2.95. Stolen bottle of cyanide throws Philadelphia suburbanites into tizzy, and with cause, because thief's goal is murder. Wildly improbable.

THE CANDLES ARE ALL OUT. *By Nigel FitzGerald. Macmillan.* $3.50. Stormbound actors on tour in Ireland confront unscheduled drama when lady house guest's body turns up in river; leading man plays sleuth. Conventional house-party job, with nice background.

READY REVENGE. *By Catherine Arley. Random House.* $2.95. Provincial French matron contrives spouse's murder in order to wed tycoon; latter's sister suspicious; two deaths follow in Majorca. Ingenious and effective.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN. *By Patricia Moyes. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.50. Chief Inspector Henry Tibbett and wife Emmy (remember "Dead Men Don't Ski"?) vacation with friends at English east coast sailing center; Henry, naturally, is suspicious of a recent "accidental" death and proves it wasn't. Blue water all the way. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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A Child's World of Ideas

—"From "Is It Hard? Is It Easy?"

By Irma Simonton Black, *publications chairman, Bank Street College of Education, and author of many books and articles for children and adults.*

FROM the beginning, children struggle to categorize, to relate one object to another. The names and facts that any child learns in the first four to six years of his life would be overwhelming if they remained isolated and disorganized. "Concept books," in which coherence is dependent upon the relationship of ideas rather than upon a sequence of events, supplement this important process of categorizing and relating ideas.

The toddler who has just learned the word "dog" uses it indiscriminately for any four-legged animal. Horses, cows, and cats may be greeted by a delighted exclamation, "Doggie!" It is not long, however, before he is able to separate dogginess from four-leggedness at large. In a surprising short while he can separate "poodle-ness" or "beagle-ness" from mere dogginess.

The five-year-old says reflectively, "To a cat I must seem like the Empire State Building." What is this but increasingly mature perception of relative as opposed to absolute size?

Good concept books offer to a child thought processes similar to his own, and on his level of interest and abstraction. They also extend his understanding through illuminating ideas about the classification and relationship of many things; likenesses and differences, categories and principles, shapes, colors, dimensions, and temperament have all been explored with varying degrees of success. The best concept books keep to a clear logical line. **"Shapes,"** by Miriam Schlein (Scott, $2.50), selects squareness and roundness as points of departure and lists the many things that are one or the other and some that are neither. **"A Kiss Is Round,"** by Blossom Budney (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, $2.50), explores the theme of roundness in a more poetic though no less valid way.

"A Tree Is Nice," by Janice May Udry (Harper, $2.50), expands the title statement in childlike terms. The youngster sees many kinds of trees, and learns that, along with beauty and pleasure, they provide fruit and cooling shade. **"Where Are the Mothers?,"** by Dorothy Marino (Lippincott, $2.50), is a very simple statement of the fact that mommies do many kinds of things while little children are at kindergarten: some stay at home, some work, etc. One might call this a kind of intercultural primer. **"Is It Hard? Is It Easy?,"** by Mary McBurney Green (Scott, $2.75), suggests that people differ in abilities and that is fine.

"Animal Babies," by Ylla, story by Arthur Gregor (Harper, $3), offers just what it promises, a delightful picture collection of young creatures. And, incidentally, both Golden and Wonder have twenty-five-cent books that deal with specific categories such as ships, trains, and houses.

The logical straightforwardness of good concept books need not eliminate humor. Preposterous, contrary-to-fact propositions are explored gaily in **"If Apples Had Teeth,"** by Milton and Shirley Glaser (Knopf, $2.75): they would, of course, bite back.

UNFORTUNATELY, not all concept books are as well geared to the understanding of a youngster. Some present ideas so far beyond his comprehension as to be more confusing than clarifying. Authors may be carried away by adult free associations, archness, and plays upon words. "Square Is Not a Beatnik" might be a rough translation into adult terms of books of this type. Sometimes an otherwise lovely and valid book is marred by an occasional lapse of this kind. For example, in the charming **"All Falling Down,"** by Gene Zion (Harper, $2.50), the author falls into a metaphorical trap by listing night falling, along with rain, apples, and other objects. This may seem trivial, but to the literal four-year-old, who takes "hitting the road" to mean an actual assault on the pavement, it may be genuinely confusing, and certainly out of place in a book that purports to concentrate on presenting gravity in simple terms. In **"Red Is Never a Mouse,"** by Ethel Clifford (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.95), a mildly humorous frolic about color, black is cited among other things as "a witch's mean laugh." No fair. **"If Everybody Did,"** by Jo Ann Stover (McKay, $2.95), which has been much to the liking of adult reviewers, presumably teaches a moral lesson, but becomes confused in logic and caught between fantasy and reality. **"Little Blue and Little Yellow,"** by Leo Lionni (Astor, $2.95), a prize-winning book, which has also been much admired, is thoroughly adult-centered. Two blobs of color embrace and turn into one green blob in a primer of abstract expressionism with overtones of Lady Chatterley's Lover.

The author of a concept book is a teacher who, by sharpening the awareness of relationships and principles, contributes to the young reader's or listener's thinking and learning.

WHAT? ANOTHER CAT! *By John Beecroft. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Dodd, Mead. Unpaged.* $3. The content of this story is good, the author's intentions kind, the illustrations are charming. But the book is not for young children because its core material is an adult's perception of feline psychology. What, for example, would five-to-eight-year-olds make of the supposition that it would be plausible for a grownup female cat finally to accept a stray because of a dream in which he appears as the kitten she has always wanted but never been able to have? Ages 5-8.

BIG HORSE, LITTLE HORSE. *By Martha Goldberg. Illustrated by Tom Hamil. Macmillan. 41 pp.* $2.75. This story of a Mexican boy who dreams of becoming a potter is a picture book just long and interesting and outreaching enough to introduce a second-grader to the pleasures beyond beginning reading. The illustrations give a fine sense of the country and its pottery, though the child is a little too wispy and wide-eyed. Ages 6-8.

ALL THE SOUNDS WE HEAR. *By Lee Nelson. Illustrated by Audrey Zinser Ashley. Steck. 40 pp.* $1.75. This new concept book on sounds is pleasant to read but uneven in imaginative quality. Perhaps, however, it should be received with gratitude because of the few highly provocative ideas it does contain—such as the suggestion that "tinkling sounds" can be heard by listening to wire hangers knocking together on a clothesline in the wind. Ages 6-10.

SIXTY MILLION YEARS OF HORSES. *By Lois and Louis Darling. Illustrated by the authors. Morrow. 64 pp.* $2.50. Beautifully illustrated in black and white, this factual

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survey should appeal to horse-fiction addicts as well as young scientists. Ages 8-12.

THE GOLDEN FOOTPRINTS. *By Taro Yashima and Hatoju Muku. Illustrated by Taro Yashima. World.* 55 *pp.* $2.95. A deceptively simple, entirely believable story about the secret relationship of a Japanese hunter's son and two wild foxes. Dignified writing and subtle viewpoint contribute literary quality to an unusual book. Ages 8-12.

CAPPY AND THE RIVER. *By Lynn Avery. Illustrated by Albert Orbaan. Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* 152 *pp.* $3. A story that is almost as sure-fire as "Lincoln's Doctor's Dog." It combines authentic and exciting historical background (going down the Ohio on a flatboat) with a touching boy-dog relationship, Indians, river pirates, and traveling shows, and does it with verve and humor. Ages 8-12.

THE STORY OF THE TRADE WINDS. *By Ruth Brindze. Illustrated by Hilda Simon. Vanguard.* 68 *pp.* $3.50. Like "The Gulf Stream" by the same author and illustrator, this is a handsome book. The factual material is important and clearly presented, but the effect of the volume is marred by the fictionalized approach to historical events. Ages 9-12.

MEADOWS IN THE SEA. *By Alida Malkus. Illustrated by Margaret Cosgrove. World.* 71 *pp.* $2.75. A fascinating introduction to the bizarre, lonely, and infinitely varied microscopic or near-microscopic life of the sea—the plankton— which is fully described in text and clearly portrayed in pictures. Four stunning color plates supplement plentiful black and white sketches. Ages 10-14.

THE QUEST OF ISAAC NEWTON. *By Barbara and Myrick Land. Illustrated by Arthur Renshaw.* **THE QUEST OF LOUIS PASTEUR.** *By Patricia Lauber. Illustrated by Lee J. Ames. Garden City. Each* 56 *pp.* $2.50. It is a pleasure to find difficult theories clearly stated, to see pictures and diagrams used dramatically and effectively, as they are in these books. The emphasis is upon the scientific achievements of the distinguished subjects, yet important facts about their lives are also included. Ages 10-14.

WITH THE INDIANS IN THE ROCKIES. THE QUEST OF THE FISH-DOG SKIN. THE TRAIL OF THE SPANISH HORSE. *By James Willard Schultz. Illustrated by Lorence Bjorklund. Houghton Mifflin.* 228 *pp.,* 219 *pp.,* 213 *pp.* $2.50. Originally published more than thirty years ago, these well-paced, suspenseful tales are particularly for boys who delight in the adventurous life of the Plains. The author, who was an adopted member of the Blackfoot tribe and married to a Blackfoot woman, describes the life, customs, and beliefs of his Indian companions with the keenness of an anthropologist. Ages 10 up.

FIND A CAREER IN EDUCATION. *By Frances Smith. Putnam.* 160 *pp.* $2.75. A concise, straightforward, and sometimes exciting presentation of opportunities in the field of education. This is vocational information on a high and challenging level. Ages 11-16.

—*From "Big Horse, Little Horse."*

GAUDENZIA: Pride of the Palio. *By Marguerite Henry. Illustrated by Lynd Ward. Rand McNally.* 237 *pp.* $3.95. In a skilfully constructed story based on fact, Marguerite Henry once again writes magnificently of a horse and the boy who loved it, this time evoking the pageantry of the dangerous Palio races in Siena. As the plot moves toward its breathtaking climax, it extends itself to include a good many characters, ranging from an Umbrella Man to Monsignor Tardini of the Vatican, with the result that the reader has a very live sense of Italy and its people at the end. A slightly broken English is employed to simulate the Italian spoken by the children and peasants, but the device has been used artistically and effectively. Lynd Ward's illustrations communicate the excitement and the warmth of feeling that pervade this book. Ages 11 up.

TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY. *By Marjory Hall. Westminster.* 194 *pp.* $2.95. This story of three girls who work in the same department store and share an apartment has some of the slick aspects of the usual teen-age novel but it also offers a good many insights into the problems of adolescence. And the publishers deserve credit for putting the age range where it belongs. Ages 12-15.

STOP, LOOK AND LAUGH. *Edited by William B. Coates. Nelson.* 187 *pp.* $2.95. A collection of humorous stories and essays for teen-agers. Satisfactory, and probably useful for hard-to-interest readers, the pieces are neither uproarious nor witty, but moderately funny. Ages 12-16.

THE RUGGED DOZEN ABROAD. *By Adele De Leeuw and Margaret Dudley. Macmillan.* 197 *pp.* $3. To follow eleven Girl Scouts, two leaders, and all those suitcases across seven European countries is in itself a tour de force; the authors have managed, in addition, to give recognizable personalities to some of the eleven, and realistic difficulties to all. Inevitably, the girls grow in self-understanding and understanding of others. Ages 12-16.

Besides Mrs. Black, reviewers for this issue include Claudia Lewis, Betty Miles, Joan Winsor Blos, and Ruth E. Sonneborn of Bank Street College.

Books of the Week

Continued from page 27

also resides in the simultaneous decline of his creative powers and his appearance as a controversial commentator on the current political scene. Even though critics like Wallace Fowlie feel that some of his postwar novels "stand up favorably beside his most successful," the critical acclaim that greeted his finest works—"Thérèse Desqueyroux," "Genitrix," "The Desert of Love," and "Vipers' Tangle"—has not been duplicated. After "Bloc-Notes," as yet unavailable in English, and "Mémoires Intérieurs" were published in France in 1958 and 1959, Mauriac acknowledged, with a touch of melancholy, the favorable reaction they had prompted, but wondered if his whole literary output, to which he had given so much, was indeed to be overshadowed by "two volumes of chronicles. . . . "

The esthetic *conservatisme* Mauriac has evidenced should mislead no one into assuming his political outlook is reactionary. Quite the contrary: he belongs to the liberal ferment that may well be credited with giving the French Catholic Church a new lease on life. The same self-righteous, wealthy members of the *haute-bourgeoisie* whose soul had been so cruelly laid bare in the novels—and for whom he had one of his characters compose the epitaph "They have eaten well, and put money into the bank"—he has in his newspaper columns openly attacked for their social and political sins. The motivation behind the novels and the commentaries appears to be the same: to reveal the truth about human beings and, disclosing the contradictions between their principles or their faith on the one hand and their actions on the other, implicitly or explicitly urge them to examine those actions in the light of their conscience. Therein lies his significance, as well as the unity of his life and work. Like Gide a "disturber," Mauriac has earned a position among that illustrious line of writers to whom, no matter in what faith they share, the French have given the name of *moralistes.*

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Fiction

Continued from page 31

inarticulate man, the predicament of the odd-man-out.

Mr. Shadbolt, therefore, is dealing with a matter that concerns his fellow writers in other countries, but with him we watch it in its simplest form, uncomplicated by economic or violent external pressures. In America and Africa the writer is acutely aware of racial antagonisms: in New Zealand the racial problem, though it exists, is minimal. In Great Britain he is in a center of internal changes and external anxieties. New Zealand's internal set-up is placid, and even the threat of nuclear warfare doesn't keep anyone awake at night. In Australia he is on a continent with great seething cities and vast hinterlands. The population of New Zealand is only three million, and the growing cities are still provincial in character. In Canada the writer cannot escape the effect of bi-ethnic conflicts: they have little or no real significance in New Zealand. We are too far away from any of these things for them to have a direct influence on a writer of short stories.

So it is that while each New Zealander in these stories is placed in a brilliantly realized setting, he himself is never integrated with his environment but rather, one feels, lost in it, unable to find a perspective. And so Mr. Shadbolt's writing brings us round full-circle, to the dilemma of the New Zealand writer, his geographical position: to find his country he must leave it, but if he leaves it how will he find himself when he returns?

Mr. Shadbolt has returned and one waits impatiently for his next book.

DOOMED BY PEASANTS AND KNIGHTS: Hans Koningsberger has chosen the year 1358 in which to set "**A Walk With Love and Death**" (Simon & Schuster, $3.50). It was a time of great violence. "Men were like birds with iron beaks, hammering and hammering away at the almost hopeless land." The land is France. The narrator, a youth of nineteen, sets out from Paris toward Normandy and the sea, thence to sail for England. His travel is interrupted when he meets Claudia, daughter of the building intendant of Valois. Orphaned and made homeless by a peasant army, Claudia joins the narrator in his journey. Passion soon makes its presence felt, but the forces of destruction, a peasants' army on one side, a knights' army on the other, carry them unresisting to their doom.

> "'I think they're coming,' she whispered.
> I put my arms around her hips and kissed her."

Thus does Mr. Koningsberger conclude his story, suggesting that while the lovers were soon "on a kiss to die" they were, with that kiss, triumphant over war and man's eternal cruelty to man.

Unfortunately, the background is unconvincing. Attitudes, phrases, landscapes, not merely of this century but of this decade, continually intrude to irritate even a reader determined to grant historical fiction its necessarily generous license. Claudia is somewhere referred to as the narrator's "idea girl," a description of her that suggests employment in copywriting or public relations. A naïveté of attitude more redolent of Madison Avenue and popular entertainment than of the *chevaliers sans peur et sans reproche* informs much of the narrator's relation to Claudia. Despite this the story is not without power. Its source seems to lie in a certain cadence of phrase, a muffled and artfully monotonous tone of voice that does effectively generate an atmosphere appropriate to the story. One knows certainly that the book is by a gifted writer. One only regrets that to the cruelty of the fourteenth century he should have added some of the foolishness of our own. —Stanley Loomis.

Writers

Continued from page 24

an event that is entirely private and therefore useless to anybody else.

With neither a sense of loneliness nor of *with*ness, the short stories in my first book were written at the rate of one, two, or three a day for a period of thirty-three days in a small room overlooking the street, in a second-floor flat at number 348 Carl Street in San Francisco, in January, 1934.

They were meant to be a demonstration.

First, the writer, at that time unpublished and sick of it, wanted to find out from editors and publishers what happens when a new writer comes along who can write a great many kinds of short stories. Is he published, or not?

The writer was without money, and in all truth without character, too, in that he wanted no part of any achievement outside of writing. He didn't want to be a writer, either, for the simple reason that he *was* a writer; he had been a writer the better part of his life.

What he wanted was to be published.

During the thirty-three days of writing, about thirty-nine short stories were written and dispatched daily to the editors of *Story* magazine, since they had finally (around Christmas) accepted one story.

The writer informed the editors that he was going to write a new short story every day for a month.

The month of January is a good time to take off on such a program. It is the first of the year, and if all goes well the year could turn out to be a good year at last.

The writer wanted also to demonstrate that there is probably no end to the kind of stories one writer may write: that the form is inexhaustible.

What was the big hurry, though? Why, for instance, were three short stories written in one day? Well, why not? What do you have to have to write a short story? The writer had a typewriter. He had typing paper from Woolworth's—yellow second-sheets because the type came clearer and cleaner on that paper than on the more expensive white paper. He smoked Bull Durham, about a sack a day, at a nickel a sack. He walked to the public library or to the beach at least once a day, sometimes twice. He thought about writing all the time, especially in his sleep, which is not kidding—it is the simple truth. He couldn't wait for morning, for black coffee, for the first cigarette, the first

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word of the new short story. Now or never. The editors have accepted one short story. Now break the door down, go on in and take over.

And so it was done.

What about the stories themselves? Are they any good at all? Well, they're not bad, some of them. They're out of a time, a kind of special time, out of a national depression, although the depression made no difference to me, since I had never had any money in any case. I began to hear about the depression years later in the essays and comments of the critics who are always telling writers what they did and what they didn't do. Some of the short stories are bad, and a few of them are very bad. There are a number of typographical errors in several of them which I corrected years ago, but somebody just didn't pay any attention to my corrections, so I finally let it go. What I wanted to put there *is* there, though. Mainly, the demonstration is there.

Now, twenty-six years later, people who read the collected stories when they came out, some of them professional critics, tell me that the book is my best book.

Is it?

No, it is my first book. I have no best book.

Do I have a good book?

Possibly.

Do I have a great book?

No comment, except to remark that I am not the kind of writer to care about a thing like that, at all.

I am the kind of writer to live a life.

I have thrown away more greatness than great writers have put into books. Either that, or I'm still as crazy as ever, and now twice the required age for it.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 918

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answers to No. 918 will be found in the next issue.

BY ABL KEW WL NLWOYQ
GETHY ML ALWCYQ EWC
HMEWC QEGM RW EAY
RH EH OLLC EH CYEC;
BRH YDYH EQY KNLHYC.
ENZYQM YRWHMYRW

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 917

Sympathy is two hearts tugging at one load. —PARKHURST.

TV AND RADIO

"The Irresponsibles"

THE gentlemen of broadcasting ask for the freedom with responsibility which is the traditional prerogative of the gentlemen of the press. Give us this freedom, the broadcasters say, and we will use it judiciously, as our brothers of the fourth estate do. It is a strong argument. Journalism's image has been that of the watchdog of the republic, the champion of the best in our national character. Sadly I report that this image has been tarnished by a recent action of "television critics and columnists" in the twelfth annual award poll conducted by *Television Today* and *Motion Picture Daily* for *Fame* magazine. Voting for television award-winners in a variety of categories, the press which covers TV chose a "Champion of Champions"—the same in both the "Best Dramatic Program" and "Best Network Program" categories.

This double winner was the ABC-TV Thursday night crime series, "The Untouchables," starring Robert Stack as Elliot Ness, the square-jawed, upright "Fed" of the syndicated mob era, who regularly upholds the sanctity of interstate law against squadrons of hoodlums allegedly drawn from the files of the underworld. The rest of the winners were fairly rational, even tasteful —Dinah Shore, Perry Como, Bob Newhart, Nichols and May, David Brinkley, Captain Kangaroo. How could my fellow scanners of television's daily offerings have gone so wrong? In self-defense I disassociate myself from the judgment of my colleagues. I wouldn't vote for "The Untouchables" even if it *were* the "best" program on television. It's simply a matter of personal prejudice. I readily admit that, as TV's tension-binders go, "The Untouchables" brings about the high degree of suspension of disbelief necessary for the required sixty-minute illusion. It's just that this particular program is the apotheosis of the horror-comic sadism that masquerades under the old Sunday supplement banner of "When Justice Triumphed." The "good guys" are as unrelated to anything recognizably human as are the bad guys. The "Feds" kill and the mobsters kill—the second for business, the first for the lusty, vengeful joy of killing.

I do not take this position because I fear the harmful personal or social effects of such calculated violence on sensitive children. I am aware that estimable psychiatrists, judges, and sociologists differ heartily on the complex subject of mass media influence on inner and outer behavior. I would take the position even if research should prove that it's all harmless, innocuous release of aggression in fantasy. I would take it on moral grounds, appealing to the oft-appealed-to tradition of Western man which conjectures that some divinity hedges humans and that its contemporary expression is a simple matter of human dignity—a quality that many viewers apparently do not mind seeing regularly violated by many successful crime programs. The popularity of these programs—their enduring vitality and marketability in the industry—is a fact we have grown accustomed to

living with in broadcasting. What is unnerving is that the guardians of our integrity, the super-egos of our morals—the newspaper boys—should suddenly so lose their bearings as to be hypnotized by the carnival and genuflect to the idol.

THE trouble is that they demean not only themselves (temporarily, let us hope; there's always next year) but the "good guys" in broadcasting, each and every Elliot Ness who's fighting his own private fight for freedom with responsibility as a broadcaster. How can their hands be lifted up if their big brothers of the press, the responsible, free ones, strike them down? For shame, men!

In the immortal words of the little shoeshine boy to Shoeless Joe Jackson, when he threw the World Series: "Say it ain't so!"

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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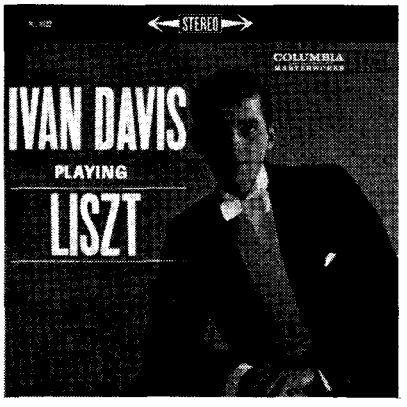

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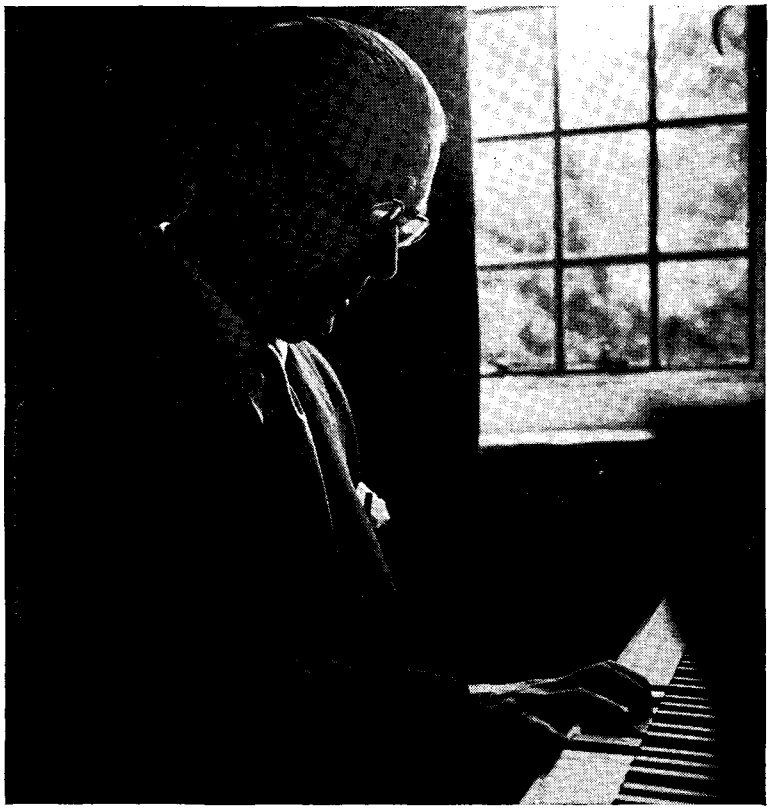

—Jan Holcman.

Cyril Smith — "has decided that his right hand should become the best . . . of any in his country."

SR/RECORDINGS

FEBRUARY 25, 1961

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DUET FOR THREE HANDS

By JAN HOLCMAN

ALTHOUGH a physical disability may curtail a man's effectiveness in any profession, the consequences are graver in some fields than in others. A boxer losing the power in one arm cannot continue fighting no matter how strong his remaining arm or how deep his reservoir of moral strength and will. A performing artist, whose disability could place him among the most afflicted victims, often has been fortunate enough to turn his loss into a sort of gain. A kinder solution may permit the pianist or writer to work with one good hand, or allow a conductor to conduct without full coordination. Prominent interpreters like Hubermann have been forced to withdraw from the stage in their primes, seized either by accident, sickness, or a condition created by overstrained hands. Jacob Flier, Harriet Cohen, Cor de Groot, and Paul Wittgenstein represent a few who shared this fate.

But it is unique for a pianist to be deprived of the all-important, sustaining *left hand*, and still continue to function. This was recently accomplished by England's outstanding fifty-year-old pianist, Cyril Smith. He continues an active, meaningful career despite a thrombosis suffered during a Russian tour in the spring of 1956. His story is unusual because, after losing the use of his left arm, he gained two more skilful hands that have enabled him to introduce a novel and valid pianism for three hands on a concert platform.

Before Smith, it was accepted generally that a one-handed pianist could maintain his reduced position as a soloist only if the left hand remained intact. This condition has not been created solely by the available piano literature, and the simple comparison of the anatomy of pianos and hands may serve as a more adequate explanation. If music for the right hand alone is nonexistent, this should be attributed mainly to the geographical arrangement of the keyboard, which situates the bass on its lower left end. It is too far from the dexter hand to be reached repeatedly and with ease, not to speak of the thumb, which is on the "wrong" side for whatever compensatory manipulations might be attempted.

What happened to Cyril Smith was something quite different. As he was about to say adieu to his beloved art, he received an extra pair of hands from his wife, Phyllis (also a concert pianist). She joined her experienced "ten" to his remaining five and they began playing duets for three hands, with Mr. Smith's right hand taking the solos. They constitute today an impressive, original, and much-respected piano team. The simple statement of the solution should not be interpreted to be in any way as simple as it may sound.

To realize what it means to undertake such a task, one must understand certain specific roles of, and the difference between, the two hands of a virtuoso. Every unhandicapped pianist has a fervent, though well-hidden, wish someday to raise his left-hand technique to equal his right. Left-handed people who are pianists are no exception to this imbalance, even if they don't like to admit it. Some psychologists or experimenters in allied fields believe that actual ambidexterity does not exist at all. I am personally inclined to believe that there never was a virtuoso whose left hand

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ite equalled his right. In short, it can said that the left hand receives a newhat different and, in a way, less nnipianistic drill than the right hand. n the entire repertoire of piano literare, the sum of practicing and perforng offers more intensive and varied nployment for the right hand. The t hand must be prepared as well as possible to equal the right one, for complex solo, or to play *unisono* with e right hand, as, for instance, in the rapid and uncomfortable finale of the hopin B flat minor Sonata.

Cyril Smith's story is detailed in his '58 autobiography, "Duets for Three nds," dedicated to his wife, "partner life and music"; the book too, is a uet, containing one chapter by Mrs. ith. Mr. Smith happily spares the ader the melodramatic colorations t so easily could have infected a me dealing with a personal disaster. The book, in fact, has unquestionable merit for piano soloists and teams. With objective, sincere modesty he states, "I know I had not the genius of a Rachmaninoff or Solomon," and even at times attributes his success to such nonartistic factors as an air-conditioner in an Indian theatre hall where many people attended his performance to enjoy a "beautiful cool haven from the oppressive heat outside."

IN the early Thirties he married another pianist, Phyllis Sellick. The Smiths traveled and concertized in various parts of the world, playing solos and, later, piano duets. Before his affliction, Smith recorded more discs than he can remember. His accomplishment is evident, although some of these records reflect little influence of Rachmaninoff, despite his friendship and admiration for him. Smith, like Rachmaninoff, has a tremendous hand stretch. His rendition of the Rachmaninoff Third Concerto was appreciated in America some time ago. Following the composer's own example, Smith practised this difficult work for three additional weeks with his eyes closed (to gain a better technical orientation). His initial disc of "Islamey" is one of the finest examples of a truly reliable pianism.

One does not have to labor the radical changes that came about in Cyril Smith's life when, during his tour in Russia in 1956, he was struck by a second attack of thrombosis that threatened to finish his career. His left hand became permanently paralyzed. It took him two years to recover fully from the nervous shock caused by his illness. Yet this same period gave him sufficient time to discover a way to transpose the possible end of his career into a new beginning. With sincere humility Smith admits that the world would have lost little by his pianistic incapacity; nevertheless, he would have lost all of *his* world if his career had been so drastically curtailed.

One day he took the Mozart sonata intended for two pianos and rearranged it to be played by three hands, two of which were to be played by his wife. No evidence is available as to whether Smith knew of the historical precedent where a pianist who lost an arm in a hunting accident developed his other hand to such a splendid degree that he later gave a recital for three hands with none other than Franz Liszt. Smith did realize that typical four-handed pieces often are divided unevenly between a right solo hand and three others that mainly serve as a boisterous accompaniment. Here was the chance simultaneously to continue his career and rebalance these works by assigning the accompaniment to the two capable hands of his partner. Smith was soon receiving encouragement from his wife and from various composers, arrangers, and pupils, who all helped him toward establishing a new repertoire employing fifteen fingers.

For Smith a duet for three hands represents only a variation, since he was accustomed to playing duets for four hands with his wife for many years. Such alterations contain advantages and disadvantages. Certain adjustments were difficult, some easy. He has found, for instance, that this fresh task has developed his right hand even more. Furthermore, if he had lost the use of his right hand rather than his left, his energies would have had to be directed toward maintaining the role of a solo pianist, a feat much more difficult, since it would mean concertizing alone, if at all. One also could rationalize that he "liberated" his right hand from the troublesome left. But one-handed practicing hour after hour is trying to a mind accustomed to the full harmony of Smith's beloved Brahms and Rachmaninoff concertos.

Naturally, Smith's solution of his physical incapacity did not rest simply on resorting to the technique of three-hand duets. First of all, his work with his wife had to begin from the first stages, which presented the complex task of unlearning before learning. Furthermore, they needed music for three hands, which was not in existence. Tedious hours were invested in the task of rewriting and practising a fresh repertoire. The Smiths found it necessary to make major technical changes as well as to alter old habits. Nerves became so high-strung that neither could bear audible wristwatches. Eventually they completed the adjustment.

Their new repertoire has grown to include various major and minor works, the latter ones in the area of Rachmaninoff's transcription of Kreisler's "Liebesfreud." This repertoire now includes works such as the Bach-Busoni Chaconne as well as other similarly intricate transcriptions that are difficult enough for two hands alone. They have even considered an "ordinary" piece, such as Albeniz's "Navarra,"

(Continued on page 67)

Cyril Smith Records

LPs

RACHMANINOFF: Concerto No. 2. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the Liverpool Philharmonic. Columbia ML 4176.

DOHNANYI: Variations on a Nursery Song. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the Liverpool Philharmonic. Columbia ML 4146.

78s

RACHMANINOFF: Concerto No. 3. Weldon conducting the City of Birmingham Orchestra. Columbia MM 671.

RACHMANINOFF: Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini. Sargent conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Columbia (English) DX 1608/10.

RACHMANINOFF: Preludes, Opus 23, No. 5, Opus 32, No. 5. Columbia (English) DX 1279.

ALBENIZ: "Triana"; LISZT: Etude, "La Campanella." Columbia (English) DX 1214.

BALAKIREV: "Islamey." HMV C 2755.

CHOPIN: Scherzo in B minor. Columbia (English) DX 1382.

With Phyllis Sellick

BENJAMIN: Caribbean Dance; WALTON: "Popular Song" ("Façade"). Columbia (English) D3 2558.

MILHAUD: "Scaramouche"; BENJAMIN: Two Jamaican Street Songs. Columbia (English) DX 1554/5.

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The "Holy Blues"

BLIND GARY DAVIS: "Harlem Street Singer"—*"Samson and Delilah"; "Let Us Get Together Right Down Here"; "I Belong to the Band"; "Pure Religion"; "Great Change Since I Been Born"; "Death Don't Have No Mercy"; "Twelve Gates to the City"; "Goin' to Sit Down on the Banks of the River"; "Tryin' to Get Home"; "Lo, I Be with You Always"; "I Am the Light of this World"; "Lord, I Feel Just Like Goin' On."* Prestige "Bluesville" 1015, $4.98.

REV. PEARLY BROWN: "Georgia Street Singer"—*"God Don't Ever Change"; "Just a Closer Walk with Thee"; "Pure Religion"; "Saviour, Don't You Pass Me By"; "Motherless Children"; "Oh, What a Morning"; "I Must See Jesus"; "Nobody's Fault but Mine"; "I Know It Was the Blood"; "By and By, I'm Gonna See the King"; "Keep Your Lamp Trimmed and Burning"; "If I Never See You Anymore"; "Ninety-Nine and a Half Won't Do"; "It's a Mean Old World"; "The Great Speckled Bird."* Folk-Lyric FL 108, $4.98.

Two exciting and important long-play recordings, both recently issued, present two impressive folk artists widely separated by distance but united in a common and fast-disappearing tradition; both the Reverend Gary Davis, of New York's Harlem, and the Reverend Pearly Brown, of Macon, Georgia, are among the last practitioners of the dying art of street singing.

The sad but unavoidable fact is that the days of the sidewalk minstrel are numbered, and soon he will disappear entirely from the American scene. Nowadays the few street-corner singers one comes across in the Negro districts of the larger urban areas are, like Davis and Brown, performers of religious material, sidewalk preachers in song. Increasing municipal legislation, providing for the registration and licensing of peddlers, beggars, and street musicians, has driven the performers of secular material—blues and instrumental music—off the streets. Only the religious singers have managed to survive, the nature of their material providing an immunity of sorts from the strict enforcement of the laws.

Traditionally, there is a sharp dichotomy between their "sacred" songs and the "sinful" songs of the bluesmen. The work of Davis and Brown, however, vividly demonstrates that the division is not so pronounced as one might imagine. True, the sacred singer executes material of a decided religious and didactic cast. He draws his texts from Biblical allusions, old hymns, sermon-like fragments, etc. His songs are usually less aggressively individualistic or introspective in character than are those of the blues singer.

Yet there are striking similarities between the two. They are both sung in much the same emotive manner, share a decided "blue" tonality, are accompanied by roughly the same kind of exciting guitar work, pulse with the same driving rhythm, and are approached in much the same improvisatory spirit. In short, then, the religious songs owe much of their excitement, spontaneity, and drive to their extensive borrowings of characteristic blues devices. Indeed, they might aptly be described, in D. G. Hoffman's words as "holy blues."

Two of the finest contemporary performers of the "holy blues" are Gary Davis and Pearly Brown. Davis, the older of the pair, was born in rural South Carolina in 1896; by his early teens he had taught himself to play a number of stringed instruments, gaining a local reputation as an accomplished blues performer. Sudden blindness, however, prompted his conversion to religion and his decision to give up the "sinful" blues for the "sacred" ones. He was ordained a minister in Washington, North Carolina, in 1933, and two years later he moved to New Yo City, where he cut a series of recor ings for the now-defunct Perfect lab that have since become collectors' item Since then, he has earned a meage livelihood singing on the streets and i the storefront churches of Harlem.

His recent Prestige LP collectio "Harlem Street Singer," contains small but impressive sampling of the extensive repertoire of hymns and sermons-in-song Davis has used in hi sidewalk concerts for the past quarter-century. This exciting program of a dozen tunes displays to excellent ad vantage his harsh, rasping, powerful vocal approach and a complementar guitar style that can be described on as fantastic. Davis's usual guitar accom paniment consists of a series of rapi arpeggio, highly "blued" lines in th treble set against a dense, pulsan chordal background in the bass. It is a fiercely rhythmic approach, with the notes bent, twisted, and slurred in a solid wall of blue tonality, against which his husky, darkly emotive singing is set.

Davis, moreover, is the possessor of a stunning instrumental technique that many a blues guitarist might well envy. Indeed, the only two bluesmen who might possibly approach him in sheer technical virtuosity are Brownie McGhee and Josh White, two urban performers who are very mannered and consciously sophisticated in their approaches in comparison with the driving, spontaneous, and vigorous Davis style.

Markedly different from Davis's propulsive, supercharged singing and playing but still very much within this same tradition, is the simple, direct, and rela-

Pearly Brown—"simple, direct, and forceful."

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tively crude work of forty-five-year-old Reverend Pearly Brown, discovered and recorded on the streets of his native Macon, Georgia, by folklorists Harry Oster and Richard Allen.

On six of the numbers in his Folk-Lyric collection, "Georgia Street Singer," Brown re-creates the moving style of Blind Willie Johnson, one of the first great artists in the tradition. On these numbers Brown employs an accompaniment style known as "knife" or "bottleneck" playing, long a feature of the rural Southern blues idiom and the style especially favored by Johnson. In this method of playing, the guitar is tuned to an open chord (usually E or D), permitting the performer to play both chordal accompaniments in the bass and melody lines in the treble. The flat edge of a pocket knife or a small bottle is slid up and down the neck of the guitar on the treble strings, producing eerie, whining melodic lines heavily laden with semitones—insinuating lines that answer and weave in and around the harsh, gasping vocal lines.

An interesting comparison of the styles of Davis and Brown is afforded in their performances of the same song, the old hymn "Pure Religion." Pearly Brown's version, played in the archaic "knife" style, is simple, direct and forceful in its ingenuousness, with a steady, quiet syncopation in the bass and a simple antiphony between the whining treble lines of the guitar and the voice. Blind Gary Davis, on the other hand, alternates in his vocal spoken sermon and song, accompanying his harsh voice with fiercely rhythmic guitar work of charging, brilliant complexity—mixing fleet treble runs with pulsant chording, rapid bass runs, and occasional contrapuntal blendings of the three in a breathtaking display of virtuosity. It is a vivid illustration of rural naïveté *vs.* urban sophistication within a single tradition.

In 1954 one critic was moved to write of this tradition that " . . . street singers will probably be with us as long as there are distinctly Negro communities." He was to reckon without the rapidity of the process of acculturation which, due to the inroads of the mass communications media, in the past few years has accounted for a steady leveling-off and emasculation of the vigorous body of Afro-American song. Newer, more "contemporary" musical hybrids have replaced the older forms. Beyond this, few of the younger members of the Negro community care to identify with the older traditions, with the result that the archaic forms will die off with the older practitioners. Davis and Brown may well be among the last few spokesmen for these traditions.

—Peter J. Welding.

Brahms in Stereo by Walter

An old adage, exhumed too frequently, claims that there are no bad orchestras, only bad conductors. While the wording is glib, it does carry an element of truth—for the most pedestrian of players can be animated to a degree by someone's fiery baton. Why, however, a conductor of Bruno Walter's eminence should have to settle for anything less than the best, in so important a project as the recording for stereo of the four symphonies of Brahms, plus the "Academic" and "Tragic" Overtures and the Variations on a Theme of Haydn, is not readily understandable. In a recent set containing these works (Columbia M4S 615, $23.98), Dr. Walter leads the same ensemble that played under his direction in a stereo recording, issued last winter, of the nine Beethoven symphonies. The critical reservations voiced by this writer at that time are repeated and amplified with the current Brahms release. The Columbia Symphony Orchestra is simply not of Dr. Walter's stature.

The names of other leading conductors on records have been consistently linked with first-class ensembles, so that their every wish might be realized in performance. And, in the past, Dr. Walter has made his own finest discs with the New York Philharmonic Symphony. In the present case, he is working with a studio orchestra that records in Los Angeles. Many of the individual players are outstanding; the concertmaster, the first oboe, all four horns, all three trombones, the timpanist—these are superb instrumentalists. But the orchestra as a whole is neither sufficiently large nor adequately seasoned. It lacks the fine-grained feeling for ensemble, the distinguishing timbre that comes from a top-quality symphonic unit. As a result, the performances are technically uneven. It is well known that Dr. Walter himself is mercurial and given to interpretive ups and downs, but the ensemble under his direction should maintain, in all cases, mechanical consistency—which it doesn't.

More serious than any drawback in orchestral playing is the controversial engineering of the new set. Too much of the balance and tone quality seems to have emanated from the control room rather than from the conductor's musical consciousness; and an impression of overlapping authority that made itself evident in Columbia's Beethoven last winter persists even more keenly in the current release of Brahms.

As an admirer of Dr. Walter, this reviewer has followed him in concert and opera, in New York, Salzburg, and Vienna, for nearly thirty years and knows at first hand the type of round, noble tone the great conductor can draw from an orchestra. In the present set, the instrumental timbre is constantly souped up, suggesting a cinematic sound track. The violins—evidently to compensate for their lack of number—are constantly "on mike," destroying the delicate symphonic balance and, at points where they should be murmuring an accompaniment, overshadowing the solo wind instruments. In the seventh variation of the Brahms-Haydn, they even swamp the viola section, all but obliterating—with their subordinate patterns—the melodic contour of the lower strings. This kind of misguided zeal behind the glass panel leads to a *short-circuiting of the conductor's desires*, an abridgment of his musical prestige.

As to the interpretations, they display the usual Walter unpredictability—which is part of the great conductor's spell, for when he does reach the heights they are loftier than those scaled by most of his colleagues. I liked best the readings of the "Tragic" and "Academic" Overtures, marvels of rhythmical vigor and sensitive shading; the entire Third Symphony, played with a vaulting amplitude straight out of the Vienna of another era; the finale of the Fourth; and the two latter movements of the First (especially the Poco Allegretto, which comes off as a lyrical gem). Conversely, the seventh variation of the Haydn set—in which one had expected Dr. Walter to excel because of its singing quality—is less convincing in performance than the swift, macabre, and elusive eighth variation, in which this conductor reveals new aspects of his art.

In sum, the two overtures are definitive. The symphonies, though uneven, are marked by greatness; and the Variations contain pages of much poetic charm. One looks forward to more Walter on stereo, but—please!—under musical and technical conditions that will do him justice.

—Robert Lawrence.

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Recordings in Review

Tampered Toscanini

DVORAK: *Symphony No. 5 in E minor. Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony.* RCA Victor LME 2408, $4.98.

RESPIGHI: *"Pines" and "Fountains of Rome." The same.* RCA Victor LME 2409, $4.98.

MOUSSORGSKY (RAVEL): *"Pictures at an Exhibition." The same.* RCA Victor LME 2410, $4.98.

It is folklore in the clan Toscanini that on more than one occasion he warned family and friends that if they wrote about him "after he was gone" he would come back and haunt them. It could not have possibly occurred to him that some of that family and "friends" would venture a desecration far more repugnant—transformation of the performances to which he gave so much blood, tears, and sweat into forms he never heard and would not recognize if he did. What he might threaten in such circumstances staggers the mind.

Whatever the motives—and they range from the expressed desire to restore such great Toscanini performances as the ones noted above to currency, to the implied distress at their falling off in sales after the introduction of stereo—the outcome can be neither condoned nor complimented. RCA Victor has, against almost solid industry attitude to the contrary, chosen to sanction an artificial, electronic imitation of stereophony which can only confuse the public further and justify the jibes of those who would term it "stereo-phony." The B. S.-A. S. in which 1954 was a practical line of demarcation (Before Stereo and After Stereo) is thus destroyed.

The "how" is simple enough (however tediously accomplished): separate the sound spectrum according to frequency range, filter out what is not wanted, and re-record on another channel what is; repeat with the opposite end of the spectrum, and the middle. Mix in a console, adding delay circuit and reverberation. Place in an echo chamber, and cool until ready. Serve.

Of course, it may happen, in the process, that the balance is disturbed, that the timpani (in the first movement of the "New World") sounds like a riveting machine, and that even its pitch is not steady. For proper "stereo" effect, the second violins are relocated on the right side, though the Toscanini practice was otherwise. What matter if the horns sound solo from the left speaker when practicalities enable them to be separated from the mass, and from the middle when they do not? Who cares about aural perspective, frame of acoustic reference, or any other values that prevailed at the time of recording? Certainly not Jack A. Somer, who supervised the technical work, or George A. Marek, under whose blessing the program was carried out.

I do not want to deny Somer the accolade due him for technical efficiency or Marek the credit due an honest try. But what they can do relatively well, somebody else can do quite badly. And if a principal party in the electronic industry can justify such a disservice to artistry, to public faith, to musical values as this, why should anybody else scruple not to? Answer: no reason.

Oscillators, Oscillating

BADINGS: *Capriccio. Joke Vermeulen, violin. "Genese," "Evolutions." Realized by the composer;* RAAJIMAKERS: *"Contrasts." Realized by the composer.* Epic BC 1118, $5.98.

Wittingly or otherwise, the juxtaposition of Badings's "Capriccio" (with violinist Joke Vermeulen performing in company with two pre-recorded sound tracks [twelve oscillators]) and his own "Genese" and "Evolutions" and Raajimaker's "Contrasts" makes some fundamental points about these electronic experiments. When there is a distinguishable musical voice talking esthetic sense (in this case, the violin), the consequence can be evaluated in musical terms; when it is absent, as it is in the other material of this disc, the net of it is sound effects and nothing more.

Of course it is possible to say that when any sound is organized into a sequence the result is something more than "effects." But in order to qualify as music, it would seem to me, some recognizable criteria have to be invoked, such as pitch, harmony, meter, not to mention such old-fashioned matter as themes, polyphony, etc. Aside from meter, "Genese," "Evolutions," and "Contrasts" do not qualify.

To judge from the "Capriccio" and "Evolutions," the products of audio-frequency oscillators as used here would seem to be useful primarily as an adjunct to something: Vermeulen's well-written (and well-played) violin solo in the one case, the dance movements Yvonne Georgi put to "Evolutions" in the other. It will interest many, I am sure, to know that this electronic exercise comes in stereo as well as mono.

Disc Debut by Pollack

BACH: *Toccata and Fugue in E minor;* BEETHOVEN: *Sonata No. 25 in G (Opus 79);* LISZT: *"Consolation" No. 3;* PAGANINI-LISZT: *"La Campanella";* CHOPIN: *Etudes (E flat, Opus 10, No. 11, E minor, Opus 25, No. 5, A minor, Opus 25, No. 11), and Polonaise-Fantasie (A flat, Opus 61).* Daniel Pollack, piano. Artia MK 1548, $5.98.

Whatever else may impend in his career, young Daniel Pollack already has a distinction that no one can challenge: he is the first American musician to be heard in his homeland from records made in the USSR. This is a sample of his artistry as preserved in the aftermath of the International Tchaikovsky Piano Competition of 1958, in which Pollack was among the laureates. His name didn't receive quite the acclaim it might have otherwise, this being the contest won by Van Cliburn.

Pollack's playing of the Bach Toccata and Fugue and the Beethoven sonata are quite of the quality to be expected from a pianist not yet (at the time of the recording) twenty-five, who has been winning prizes for years. Suave, elegant in sound, precise in musical definition, it has the flow and continuity that the Russians apparently prefer in their piano playing. Even so, it lacks "something," the animation, the breath of life-giving personality one would expect from one so highly honored.

It emerges, finally, in the "Consolation" No. 3 and particularly in the

Daniel Pollack—suave, elegant, precise.

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"Campanella"—a heightened excitement, a more precise sense of authority, a light-fingered yet sure impact on the keys in "Campanella" which reminds us that among Pollack's teachers has been Rosina Lhevinne and among the best players of such music in modern times was her late husband, Josef. It would be pleasant to say there is more of the same in the Chopin, but it reverts, rather, to the paler, less clearly defined characteristics of the Bach and Beethoven. The recording, incidentally, is quite good.

Overscaled "Rigoletto"

VERDI: *"Rigoletto." Ettore Bastianini (Rigoletto), Renata Scotto (Gilda), Alfredo Kraus (Duke), Ivo Vinco (Sparafucile), and Fiorenza Cossotto (Maddalena), with Gianandrea Gavazzeni conducting the orchestra and chorus of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino.* Mercury SR 3 9012, $17.95.

Only the rigorous rule of this department to hear out any recording, at full length, prevented investigation of this "Rigoletto" being chucked at the end of sides 2, 3, 4, and 5 (with increasing lack of enthusiasm). It is rare to hear three such good voices as those of Bastianini, Renata Scotto, and Alfredo Kraus misused so grieviously in the same performance. Thus those who rate records in terms of their rarity should not overlook this "Rigoletto," a prime instance of how Verdi should not be sung, under a conductor who seems not only to condone but also to encourage excess.

The prime offender is Bastianini, not only because his is the crucial role of the three, but also because he has the best voice, which he misuses persistently. The draggy kind of portamento that results in what I would call a "burly" sound is his conception of characterization, and it is resorted to repeatedly.

Alfredo Kraus, from the Canary Islands, is a tenor whose talents have been noted in some Spanish releases previously, and it is likely that he will make a noise in the world of the tenor. A clear, bright voice and a gift for singing are among his assets: likewise, I suspect, more musicianship than he demonstrates here. Long-held top notes and overstressed dramatic points may be regarded as a product of the occasion, in pure self-defense. As for Scotto, she is an able Gilda when she isn't singing sharp, scratching back (figuratively) at Bastianini in an effort to be heard, or bearing down for more tone than her voice can produce. Add some recording effects more appropriate to "Rheingold" than "Rigoletto" and you have an overscaled effort which is no service to Verdi.

Giulini's "Figaro"

UNLIKE "Don Giovanni," which can be carried by a series of strong individual performances whether or not they are wholly congruent in style, "Le Nozze di Figaro" is essentially an ensemble opera in which the play, rather than the player, is the thing. Perhaps a combination of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Anna Moffo, Giuseppe Taddei, Eberhard Wächter, and Fiorenza Cossotto, with Carlo Maria Giulini conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra (and Chorus), looked promising on paper but it doesn't fulfil its promise on the four discs of Angel 3608 DL, $23.96.

Basically, there are not only too many different styles of singing here, but, often enough, different kinds of singing by the same singers. Thus Miss Moffo, who is the most illusive and persuasive of the performers, has one kind of light, pointed production for her "Venite inginocchiatevi" (which she sings delightfully) and a broader, less flexible sound for "Deh vieni, non tardar" (which she does not sing nearly so well). Such resource is praiseworthy, but it should be better coordinated for consistent characterization than it is here by Giulini.

Something of the same sort, on a larger scale, afflicts the treatment of Figaro by Taddei and the Count by Wächter. What is wanting in the former is the kind of ingratiating charm that makes one like Figaro in spite of his machinations and intrigue; what is lacking in the latter is the kind of sympathetic suavity that makes the Count humanly attractive, for all his philanderings. Taddei makes rather a low-comedy character of his man, Wächter a harshly intense, domineering personality of his. That they might have a common ground, as males, is rarely indicated in this relentless relationship of servant and master.

It may be noted, also, that Schwarzkopf goes her own way as the Countess, singing both of her arias ("Porgi amor" and "Dove sono") skilfully, and participating in the ensemble interchanges with high artistry. But it is past credulity that this voice could have any relationship to a still teen-aged character, as Countess Rosina is, thus introducing one more jarring accent into the combination as recorded. Finally, of the principals, it may be noted that Fiorenza Cossotto (who is described in Mercury's "Rigoletto" as a contralto, here as a mezzo soprano) has much too broad a vocal brush stroke for Cherubino's "Non so più" and "Voi che sapete."

—*Capitol Records.*

Anna Moffo—"most illusive and persuasive of the performers."

What it adds up to is this: "Figaro" is a work that not only invites high standards of performance—it is a work for which high standards of performance exist. Thus, if each of these failings is simply a matter of degree, the rough edges all rub against each other, to the detriment of the snug fit desired. Such high standards, for example, are met in the "Letter Duet," superbly sung here by Schwarzkopf and Moffo. All one could ask would be for the whole opera to be performed as well. Unfortunately it isn't.

AS for Giulini, his contribution remains somewhat enigmatic. It, too, has its distinctions, but these are not sufficiently sustained to give the whole conception the color of his mind or personality (assuming, of course, that he really has such personal attributes; the record is as yet indefinite). The trouble, I suppose, is that too much of it is Taddei's Figaro, and Wächter's, and Schwarzkopf's, and Moffo's, and not enough Mozart's.

Extremely good recording, especially in the stereo. —I. K.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS 1: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Arnold, M.: Concerto, Opus 67; Giuliani: Concerto. Julian Bream, guitar, with the Melos Ensemble. RCA Victor LSC 2487, $5.98.	The span of time between these works of the twentieth-century Arnold and the eighteenth-century Giuliani and the diversity of their styles measure the breadth of Julian Bream's musical sympathies as well as the resources of his highly adaptable instrument. Arnold's work is characterized by the sense of fantasy, not to say frivolity, which animates "Beckus the Dandipratt," "Homage to the Queen," the music for "Bridge on the River Kwai," among other works. It is also agreeably set for the small orchestra. If there was a Mauro Giuliani, he escapes mention in the latest edition of "Grove's Dictionary." However anonymous, he wrote music like a lot of his contemporaries (and some descendants who developed skill as antiquarians). It gives Bream a good congenial exercise for his classic skills, in any case. Discriminating, well-balanced reproduction.
Brahms: Symphony No. 4. Vladimir Golschmann conducting the Vienna State Orchestra. Vanguard SRV 116 SD, $2.98.	The orchestra sounds rather slight in size (especially in strings) for the best interests of this work, and Golschmann's treatment does not supply, in fervor, what the players lack in power. It is, altogether, rather choppy, unpersuasive Brahms, which makes a show of "expressivity" at certain key points, but tends to let down in between. The price (stereo, $2.98, monaural, $1.98) may be attractive to some, but the amount of Brahms thus acquired is proportionately less, per movement, than would be forthcoming from other versions at conventional prices.
Foote: "A Night Piece"; Griffes: "Poem"; Hanson: "Serenade"; Honegger: "Concerto da Camera." Maurice Sharp, flute, with the Cleveland Sinfonietta conducted by Louis Lane. Epic BC 1116, $5.98.	All of this literature is agreeable and it is impressively well performed by Maurice Sharp, first flute of the Cleveland Orchestra. Associated with him are a score of first-desk players of the orchestra banded into the "Cleveland Sinfonietta," well disciplined under the direction of Lane, Szell's admirably endowed young associate. He is to be thanked for giving currency to the work of Hanson, a composition of 1946 which, for all its suggestion of "Daphnis et Chloe," makes a well-sounding success on its own. Alice Chalifoux is the associated harpist in this work, as Harvey McGuire is the English horn soloist in the subtly tinted score of Honegger.
Miaskovsky: Symphony No. 27 in C minor (Opus 85). USSR Radio Symphony Orchestra conducted by Alexander Gauk. Artia MK 1524, $5.98.	As this work was not published until 1951, it is improbable that this recording predates that year, but it doesn't sound as though it represents a much later state of Russian technology. This warning aside, the work contains much that is refreshing and interesting, if neither new nor original. The difference is, however, that Miaskovsky is capable of working traditional materials into not quite traditional relationships, thus projecting a long line of Russian development closer to the present.
Rimsky-Korsakoff: "Snow Maiden" Suite, "Tsar Saltan" Suite. USSR Radio Symphony conducted by A. Gauk. Artia MK 1529, $5.98.	The performances are proficient enough (even better in the case of "Tsar Saltan") and the material is consistently absorbing, but there are other factors, less favorable, to consider. First among them is that the two sides together barely total half an hour of music (the "Snow Maiden" Suite is only ten minutes), which is well below the average of the greedy capitalists. In addition, the sound is indifferent, the surface overaudible.
Schumann: Concerto; Chopin: Concerto No. 2 (F minor). Eugene Istomin, piano, with Bruno Walter conducting the Columbia Symphony, and Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra (Chopin). Columbia MS 6159, $5.98.	What prompted this act of consideration on Walter's part is not clarified (save a reference to Istomin's version of the Handel-Brahms "Variations") but it is at least threefold—first on behalf of Schumann, then of Istomin, and, far from least, of the public, which is the ultimate beneficiary. There are values of equal quality in the Chopin, though they have more to do with the superb sound of the Philadelphia strings than with the total result. Here it seems to me Istomin melts a mite too much, spreading himself a bit thick on the emotion-laden music of Chopin. Where there is so much in the creation, there need hardly be that much more in the recreation. The sound is beautifully disposed in the stereo.
Sibelius: Symphony No. 5, "Finlandia." Theodore Bloomfield conducting the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra. Everest SDBR 3068, $4.98.	Nothing here conforms to the quality standards established by Everest in its earlier issues, especially those of European origin. The orchestra is smallish in personnel, rather insufficient in sound for this particular work, which builds so much on the resources of strings, woodwinds, and brass used antiphonally as choirs. This can hardly be attributed to the recording technicians, who have shown themselves capable of providing Everest with as good a product as anyone. As for Bloomfield, he is beyond his interpretive reach and up to his eyes, musically speaking, in the problems of formulating the musical values in this work. He gets A for Ambitious, but a little less than E for Effort. The subjoined "Finlandia" has admirable musical feeling to commend it, but the orchestral sound is inferior to that heard from the group in its last recordings.
Tchaikovsky: "Nutcracker" Suite: Weber (Berlioz): "Invitation to the Dance"; Nicolai: "Merry Wives of Windsor" Overture; Schubert (Weninger): "Marche Militaire." Hans Knappertsbusch conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. London CS 6192, $4.98.	Knappertsbusch is a handy man with such matters as "Götterdammerung" and "Parsifal" but the pleasantries of Tchaikovsky leave him wanting in lightness, pace, and rhythmic impulse. Most of the other works (especially the "Marche Militaire," which is clarified as a predecessor of J. Strauss, Sr.'s "Radetzky" March) fares better. Both the Weber and Nicolai have been floated more serenely on their melodic waves than Knappertsbusch permits. It is surprising to find this authoritative product from so exalted a source as the Vienna Philharmonic perpetuating such a solecism as in its translation of Weber's "Aufforderung zum Tanz" as "Invitation to the *Waltz*."
Tchaikovsky: Concerto in D. Arthur Grumiaux, violin, with the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam conducted by Bernard Haitink. Epic BC 1109, $5.98.	Adroit performers of the Tchaikovsky concerto who wince when criticized for their playing of Mozart may take some consolation in the reminder presented by Arthur Grumiaux that an adept performer of Mozart is not necessarily also "boss" when it comes to Tchaikovsky. Here he plays the violin very beautifully, with supple, fine-sounding tone, a rich range of dynamic effects, and plenty of right-arm agility, but it cannot be said that he also plays Tchaikovsky as beautifully. Lacking the urgency of phrase and the intensity of accent appropriate to the music, the repetitive patterns of the opening movement tend to become dull. Likewise, Grumiaux's chaste phrasing of the canzonetta makes it rather more *chansonette*. Fine recording.
Wagner: "Overture," Prelude to Act III, "Dance of the Apprentices" and "Entrance of the Guilds" ("Die Meistersinger"), "Rhine Journey" and "Funeral Music" ("Götterdämmerung"). Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2441, $5.98.	There is more feeling for orchestral sound and details of the texture of the scores in these performances than there is for the scope and impact of the musical concepts *per se*. The "Meistersinger" overture tends to become ponderous as it approaches its climax, the two excerpts associated with Siegfried noisy rather than jubilant (in the case of the "Rhine Journey") and rather declamatory (in the "Funeral Music"). The other "Meistersinger" excerpts come off well. Good reproduction. —Irving Kolodin.

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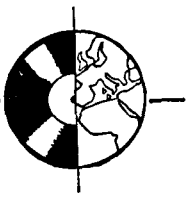
THE OTHER SIDE



Britten's "Dream"—Kuhnau's Biblical Sonatas

ALTHOUGH hardly midsummer, it was nonetheless a dream of a night at Covent Garden on February 2 when Britten's latest opera received its London premiere. Originally produced at last summer's Aldeburgh Festival—on the pocket-handkerchief stage of the Jubilee Hall, and with a chamber orchestra—this setting of Shakespeare's most famous comedy had been rescored meanwhile for full orchestra. I have little doubt that this revised version will be widely heard in opera houses all over the English-speaking world, if not farther afield.

The occasion was notable for a number of reasons, quite apart from the fact that Covent Garden had not witnessed a Britten first night since the ill-fated "Gloriana" of the 1953 Coronation Season. It marked the first appearance as conductor of Georg Solti since he accepted the artistic direction of the Royal Opera House. Although his term of office will not start officially until next autumn, the enthusiasm with which he was greeted as he entered the pit clearly demonstrated the public's fervent approval of the appointment and its high hopes for the future. Solti was obviously moved by this utterly spontaneous expression of good will and, if his masterly handling of Britten's opera is any guide, Covent Garden will be in good hands for the next few years.

This was indeed an outstanding performance without a weak spot among the large cast, while the superb orchestral playing and the virtually flawless ensemble spoke volumes for the skill and loving care which Solti had lavished upon his task. John Piper's delightful sets—his silvery, enchanted wood surprised many accustomed to the traditional greenery—and Sir John Gielgud's beautifully deft production set the final seal on an evening of rare pleasure. The presence of Decca's John Culshaw and members of his staff was indicative, we hope, of that company's intention to make a stereo recording of the "Dream" while the present excellent cast and Mr. Solti are still in London.

To turn from possible future projects to present realities, there is Decca's new stereo "Tristan," with Birgit Nilsson and directed by Solti, which, though scheduled for March release, was given a trial run at the end of January before the assembled membership of London's Wagner Society, plus a sprinkling of critics and a handful of invited "spies" from the rival EMI and Philips groups. The "performance" took place in a fair-sized hall—useless surroundings for gauging the finer points of recording quality, despite the fact that Decca's staff had taken great trouble in its attempt to overcome the surrounding's basically unsuitable character. Behind a gauze curtain, loudspeakers were clustered like bunches of grapes (someone counted ninety-six units and he may well have been right!); the resultant noise was certainly impressive—yet I doubt whether more than one listener in every four was able to judge the effectiveness of the recording *qua* stereo.

Apart from "Tristan," there is little of note to report from the Decca front, the less so since the February releases are once more held up. These include a Bach harpsichord recital from George Malcolm (Italian Concerto, Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, and the Fifth French Suite) and the expected stereo remake of "Cavalleria Rusticana"—with Simionato, del Monaco, and MacNeil—to link up with the previously issued "Pagliacci." RCA promises the eagerly awaited Nilsson-Tebaldi-Bjoerling "Turandot," along with Borodin's Second Symphony (Martinon) and Copland's "Appalachian Spring," conducted by the composer.

THE larger-than-usual Oiseau-Lyre supplement contains a three-disc collection of Mozart's piano compositions, played by Artur Balsam and featuring only one Sonata among the welter of Variations, Fantasias, Rondos and the like—some eighteen Köchel numbers in all. Clarinet recitals are comparatively rare, even on discs, but Gervase de Peyer is, after all, a clarinetist of rare skill and sensibility. Ably seconded by Cyril Preedy, he gives a brilliant account of himself in Weber's "Grand Duo Concertant" and in works by Schmitt, Debussy, Joseph Horovitz, Arthur Benjamin, and Martinu. Other O-L issues promised for this month are a pair of Mozart Divertimenti, K.247 and K.251, conducted by Colin Davis, and the stereo version of Bach's Cantata No. 147 (containing "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring") directed by Kurt Thomas, the mono disc of which appeared over three years ago.

Last month's Oiseau-Lyre set of Handel's "L'Allegro ed il Penseroso" is at last available and turns out to be a most attractive offering—superior, on the whole, to the recent American Decca version, both in performance and recording. Here Handel's Milton settings are divided among no fewer than six singers, with Jacqueline Delman, Elizabeth Harwood, and Helen Watts sharing "Il Penseroso," while "L'Allegro" is assigned to Elsie Morison, Peter Pears, and Hervey Alan. None of the three sopranos involved quite matches Adele Addison's vocal purity in the American set, but all are accomplished artists and Peter Pears, as ever, is a model of style and sheer musicality. The whole performance, directed by David Willcocks with Thurston Dart dividing the continuo part between harpsichord and organ, is full of vitality and charm—thus providing Handelians with an hour or two of rare delights.

This is certainly not the most propitious time for launching a small, independent record company; such a venture requires a good deal of courage and perseverance, plus financial backers ready to wait a long while before receiving any return on their investment. Nonetheless, the attempt is still made from time to time by foolhardy enthusiasts who, regardless of the way in which the cards are stacked against them (especially in the matter of distribution), presumably intend to struggle on until they have a going concern on their hands. The latest arrival of this kind upon the English scene is Philharmonic Records Ltd., a firm operating from Richmond, Surrey, on the outskirts of London. Up to the present, Philharmonic has produced two mono sets of two discs each—Kuhnau's Biblical Sonatas and Bach's Orchestral Suites—with a third set, devoted to Bach's Sonatas for Violin and Clavier, in course of preparation.

Artistically speaking, the venture appears to revolve around Colin Tilney, a harpsichordist and a graduate of King's College, Cambridge, still in his twenties, and his mentor Alec Harman, of Durham University. It is Tilney who performs Kuhnau's attractively naïve "program" sonatas with notable skill and panache, who directs the London Bach Ensemble from the harpsichord in the four Suites, and who is about to record the Bach Sonatas with the ensemble's leader, Carl Pini (son of the well-known cellist Anthony Pini). The Bach Suites will no doubt shock many whose ideas concerning his music are limited to adjectives like "devout" and "mathematical," for these performances are compounded of scholarship and sheer youthful high spirits which stamp them unmistakably as "post-Dart."

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: MISCELLANEOUS LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: "Mein gläubiges Herze" (Cantata No. 68), "Erbarme dich" ("St. Matthew Passion"); Handel: "Cangio d'aspetto" ("Admeto"), "Ah! spietata" ("Amadigi di Gaula"); Pergolesi: "Se tu m'ami"; Marcello: "Il mio bei foco"; Stradella: "Pieta, signore"; Caldara: "Come raggio"; Giordani: "Caro mio ben"; Carissimi: "Vittoria, mio core." Zara Dolukhanova, mezzo. Artia ALP 169, $4.98.	There is very little about a mezzo that remains unrevealed after an hour spent with this repertory. What is revealed here about Mme. Dolukhanova of Moscow's Bolshoi Theatre confirms the impressions of her operatic disc issued some months ago, on the eve of her American visit in 1959. She is an artist of serious purpose, excellent musicianship, and sound taste, whose vocal resources are no longer in their prime. Whitish sound, too often quavery in timbre, does not add to listening enjoyment. Now and then, as in the Caldara "Come raggio" or Bach's "Erbarme dich," she projects a mood of real expression, but much of the rest is just dull. In the faster music, such as Carissimi's "Vittoria" and the "Admeto" excerpt, the lack of focus is no contribution to artistic results.
Beethoven: Septet, Opus 20. Members of the Fine Arts Quartet, the New York Woodwind Quintet, and Harold Siegel, double bass. Concert-Disc CS 214, $6.95.	As well as merging musical personalities, Leonard Sorkin, violin, Irving Ilmer, viola, David Glazer, clarinet, John Barrows, French horn, Arthur Weisberg, bassoon, and George Sopkin, cello, should merge group names into something like the Fine Arts Woodwind Septet. They qualify for high praise through the excellent sound of the individual instruments and the skill with which a totality is evolved from these elements. Musicianship of strength and character is blended with artistic purpose and sensitivity to the spirit of Beethoven's youthfully distinctive efforts. Well-balanced sound also.
Curtis: "Songs of Innocence." Peggy Smith, soprano, with the composer at the piano. Audience Associates.	Curtis is a young Chicagoan (now 28) who has unmistakable talent for the matching of music to such words as Blake's. One might suggest that he has interpreted their title a little literally in restricting the harmonic range, for the most part, to tonic, dominant, subdominant; but he has varied the limited means artfully in the vocal line, and by adroit treatment of the piano part. Miss Smith, of Muskegon, Michigan, has a more than pretty lyric voice, with which she defines the texts as well as the settings. Clear recording, though a little thin (Audience Associates may be addressed at 1713 Cregier, Chicago 49, Illinois).
Gombau: "Seven Airs of Aragon": Arambarri: Eight Basque Songs. Teresa Berganza, mezzo, with the Gran Orquesta Sinfonica conducted by Gerardo Gombau. London OS 25116, $5.98.	For whatever reason, the Berganza voice is not as appealing, physically, on this disc as it has been on some others, especially those recorded in England. Whether this one preceded them in its Spanish origin is not disclosed, but the recording is not of London's best quality. There is much otherwise to enjoy in the recent (1956) compositions of Gombau and the earlier (1931) creations of Arambarri. Both are sung by Berganza with constant attention to significant detail.
Janacek: "On the Overgrown Path." Ilja Hurnik, piano. Supraphon LPV 307, $5.98.	Hurnik might be improvising these pieces at the piano, for all the elusive evidences of formalized composition they convey. This is, unquestionably, a part of their charm, but it is eventually a limitation on interest also. Invariably, as with almost any work of Janacek that might be mentioned, the musical ideas are arresting. But the organization of them, whether titled "Our evenings," "A leaf the wind blew away," "Anxiety," "In tears," leaves much unfulfilled. Hurnik may be credited with a signal service to the composer, for his performances permit anyone to judge the worth of the works for himself, a privilege not often available in the concert hall.
Scarlatti: Sonatas in C (L. 104), F minor (L. 438), G (L. 232), G minor (L. 488), A (L. 132), F (L. 384), F minor (L. 475), B minor (L. 263), D (L. 463), F sharp minor (L. 294), D (L. 208), C sharp minor (L. 256), E (L. 257), E (L. 375), G (L. 527), G minor (L. 338), E flat (L. 142), E (L. 23), F (L. 474), F (L. 479). Wanda Landowska, harpsichord. Angel COLH 73, $5.98.	To hear these recordings of September, 1934, is to hear the sonatas as they fell on the ears of many for the very first time, when such now-familiar delights as the D major (L. 463) and the C sharp minor (L. 256) were mint-fresh despite the fact that they had been written two centuries (and more) previously. There is, also, a purity and resonance in the sound of the harpsichord as it was then recorded which was an absolute, not better than or inferior to its reproduction through later techniques, but unique and distinctive. Some of the registrations, indeed, are preferable to those later heard, for all the limitations of dynamic output. Truly one of the "Great Recordings of the Century," and worth shelf room not only in any, but in every collection.
Schumann: "Intermezzi" (Opus 4), Romance in F sharp; Liszt: "Valse Oubliée" No. 2; Prokofiev: "Visions Fugitives" (Opus 22, Nos. 3, 10, 16, and 11); Scriabin: Waltz (Opus 38). Dimitri Bashkirov, piano. Artia MK 1531, $5.98.	Another addition to the list of Russian piano virtuosi heard in this country, Bashkirov, at thirty, is midway between the older Richter and Gilels and the younger Ashkenazy, with a personality and musicality of his own. He doesn't have the power of the older men or the especially poetic sound of the younger, but he does project a clean, uncluttered line in whatever he plays. His performances also have impulse and movement, meaning that they sustain the attention as well as satisfy the ear. This is notable in the Schumann "Intermezzi," which have a welcome surge, and sensitivity to their romantic undercurrent. Likewise expressive of Bashkirov's inclination to grace and elegance of statement are the Liszt and Scriabin waltzes, both deftly performed. The recording sounds as though it were made in a small concert hall; in any case, quite good.
Riegger: Trio (Opus 1), Quartet No. 2. Kroll Quartet, Alexander Kouguell, cello, and John Covelli, piano. Columbia MS 6189, $5.98.	Rooted though it is in the music of his predecessors, Riegger's trio of 1917 is an instructive commentary on the quality of the writing he has produced since, and most importantly, of late. It expresses his musical impulses frankly, and very adroitly, though not as yet with much personal accent. In the quartet of 1948, there is the same frankness, even greater craft, and, most important, a personal impulse that has developed into maturity because it was not forced into some common mold of fashion before it was mature. The performances throughout are a testimony to the enduring skills of Kroll (he played the premiere in 1930), his excellent associates in the group bearing his name, and Messrs. Covelli and Kouguell in the trio.
Vaughan Williams: Folk Song Album. Alfred Deller, countertenor, with Desmond Dupre, lute, and the Deller Consort. Vanguard VSD 2058, $5.95.	This is an almost ideal combination of materials, magnification, and realization. On the one side are such familiar melodies as "Greensleeves" and "Loch Lomond," wrought into new shapes of beauty by the forming hand of the late Vaughan Williams; on the other, such lesser-known but no less beautiful inventions of folk genius as "An Acre of Land," "A Farmer's Son So Sweet," "The Lover's Ghost," "The Turtle Dove," "John Dory," "The Jolly Ploughboy," "Wassail Song" "Down by the Riverside," "Bushes and Briars," "Just as the Tide Was Flowing," "Ca' the Yowes," "My Boy Billy," "The Spring Time of the Year," "Ward the Pirate," "The Painful Plough," "The Dark-Eyed Sailor," and "The Cuckoo and the Nightingale"—which is to say, every one of the nineteen items included. Deller's five solos are outstanding. —I. K.

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Antiques at Bargain Prices

By JOHN BRIGGS

FEW FACETS of the record industry are more fascinating than the small, dedicated cult of shellback shellac record-collectors. Although not going quite so far as to maintain that the only good artist is a dead one, they show obstinate fondness for the glories of the past, especially as bearing upon the always absorbing question of whether singers nowadays are as good as they used to be.

We think of the "Golden Age" as having existed at the turn of the present century; but publications of that era ("Grove's Dictionary," pre-World War I edition, for example) were frankly skeptical as to whether the promising newcomer named Enrico Caruso could scale the heights attained by Tamagno and Jean de Reszke. But in De Reszke's time he was compared, not always favorably, to Mario. And when Mario flourished, people were remembering Rubini, the swarthy, pockmarked vocalist who could sing to F above high C, and for whom Rossini wrote his acrobatic *tenorino* parts; or Duprez, first to make his way from one high C to another as Arnoldo in "William Tell."

A scene in "Anna Karenina" indicates that Russian operagoers of the mid-nineteenth century, like operagoers everywhere, were fond of saying, "There are no more tenors. The mold is broken." Tosi, Agricola, and their contemporaries lamented the decline of vocal standards in what we now think of as the particularly brilliant Handelian period of Bel Canto. And so it has gone, no doubt, back to the most ancient times, a legend undoubtedly starting when an old Athenian said to a young Athenian, apropos of the latest melodrama: "Ah, but you should have been around when Orpheus was in his prime."

Until the advent of recording there was no yardstick save the recollections of old fogies with which to measure singers and instrumentalists of the past. Accordingly, the old discs, with all their deficiencies by today's recording standards, are an illuminating echo of the past and give a more exact idea than listeners' memories of how a voice really sounded.

The long career of Elisabeth Rethberg, which began with a Dresden "Zigeunerbaron" in 1915 and ended with a Metropolitan Opera "Aïda" in 1942, included an extraordinary diversity of roles. She was capable of lyric roles like Butterfly and Sophie in "Rosenkavalier"; dramatic parts like Aïda and Maddalena in "Andrea Chénier" (she even attempted the "Siegfried" Brünnhilde); and her agility in florid singing so impressed Gatti-Casazza that he proposed she prepare Lucia di Lammermoor and Gilda in "Rigoletto" for the 1930-31 Metropolitan season. (Rethberg refused, believing this to be carrying versatility too far.)

The most striking feature disclosed by the recordings is her flawless command of legato. Only an artist with an almost unlimited supply of breath would begin "Leise, leise" in so sustained a tempo. (And only a very agile one would attempt to rival her speed in the cabaletta.) Beautifully sustained, too, are the long phrases of "Heil'ge Quelle," more familiar to listeners in this country as "Porgi amor."

A phrase of "Dich, teure Halle" which sopranos sometimes find troublesome, "Aus dir entfloh der Frieden," is an example of Wagner's vocally awkward habit of writing repetitions of the same note in an uncomfortable part of the voice. But Rethberg spins it out with ease. And in "O patria mia" she is so obviously unafraid of the high C as to omit the breath-pause sometimes taken as a precautionary measure just before it.

What is especially striking about the voice is the ease and smoothness with which it is produced throughout its range. Rethberg used chest-voice judiciously in the lower tones—this can be heard especially well in the "Sosarme" aria—but in a smooth transition, not a Boninsegna-like "break" creating the effect of shifting gears.

Most remarkable of all is that the "Aïda" arias are sung with a more intense, nervous vibrato than the Mozart or Handel. A tradition from turn-of-the-century days is that many performers were able to vary their vibrato at will, thereby creating more or less dramatic emphasis as the stage situation required. The Rethberg recordings, like those of Destinn, would appear to bear this out.

George Bernard Shaw described Pablo de Sarasate as having "a plain square face with a more than forty years' share of strokes from Time's graver." And Harold Bauer recalled the aplomb with which Sarasate would walk on stage and, staring his audience full in the face, let his fiddle slip through his fingers until halted by the tuning-pegs.

The astonishing dexterity with which Sarasate played is well preserved on this disc of violinists. Leopold Auer has some problems of intonation; the recording was made when he was in his seventies and past his prime. Nevertheless, his playing conveys the quality of the brilliant, fiery Russian school that has produced nearly all the major virtuosi of today. An interesting comparison is of the same Brahms Hungarian Dance as played by Auer and by Joseph Joachim, the latter in the more restrained German style, right elbow held close to the ribs. (At a quartet performance, Bauer reported, Joachim's bow-arm never once obscured his luxuriant beard.) Contemporaries reported Joachim could on occasion be scratchy; after hearing the recording one is willing to believe it.

Ysaye's light-fingered, graceful, ebullient performance and Kubelik's workmanlike dexterity are other interesting features of the violin disc.

The American Stereophonic Corporation (which, so far, has nothing to do

Puccini: "Un bel dì, vedremo" ("Madama Butterfly"); *Handel:* "Rend' il sereno al ciglio" ("Sosarme"); *Verdi:* "O patria mia" ("Aïda"); *Weber:* "Leise, leise" ("Der Freischütz"); *Puccini:* "Vissi d'arte" ("Tosca"); *Mozart:* "Heil'ge Quelle" ("Figaro"); *Verdi:* "Ritorna vincitor" ("Aïda"); *Mozart:* "Deh vieni, non tardar" ("Figaro"); *Wagner:* "Dich, teure Halle" ("Tannhäuser"); *Giordano:* "La Mamma morta" ("Andrea Chénier"); *Mozart:* "Ach ich fühl's" ("Die Zauberflöte"); *Wagner:* "Elsa's Traum" ("Lohengrin"); *J. Strauss, Jr.:* "Saffi's Zigeunerlied" ("Der Zigeunerbaron"). Elizabeth Rethberg, soprano. American Stereophonic Corporation A-115, $4.98.

Sarasate: Introduction and Tarantella, Opus 43; "Caprice Basque"; "Zigeunerweisen"; "Miramar'"; Habanera; Tarantella; *Bach:* Preludio, from Sonata No. 6 in E; *Chopin:* Nocturne in E flat minor; Pablo de Sarasate, violinist. *Brahms:* Hungarian Dance No. 1; *Tchaikovsky:* "Melodie"; Leopold Auer, violinist. *Brahms:* Hungarian Dances Nos. 1 and 2; Joseph Joachim, violinist. *Vieuxtemps:* Rondino, Opus 32; *Wieniawski:* Two Mazurkas; *Brahms:* Hungarian Dance No. 5; Eugene Ysaye, violinist. *Bazzini:* "Ronde des Lutins"; Jan Kubelik, violinist. American Stereophonic Corporation A-123, $4.98.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: FOLK MUSIC

PERFORMER, TITLES, DATA	REPORT
"The Hottest Mariachi in Mexico": Capitán Chinaco, La Polvorita, and Trio Las Provincianas, with the Mariachi Santana. "La Maruca," "El Jarabe Tapatio," "Polka de Jalisco," "El Borracho," eight others. Request RLP 8041, $4.98.	Mariachi music is not everybody's dish, but those who revel in the brash blending of trumpets, violins, and guitars, and the jaunty folk rhythms of the Mexican provinces, will welcome this new release. Just what it is that makes these musicians "the hottest" is not wholly apparent, but the singers have mellower and more pleasing voices than many of their brethren, the performances in general have a homey, rough-hewn quality altogether appropriate.
"The Newport Folk Festival, 1960." Volume I features Pete Seeger, John Lee Hooker, Alan Mills, Jean Carignan, Tom Makem, Jimmy Driftwood, and The New Lost City Ramblers. Volume II features Bob Gibson, Bob Camp, Cisco Houston, Ed McCurdy, Peggy Seeger, Ewan MacColl, Lester Flatt, Earl Scruggs, and the Foggy Mountain Boys. Vanguard VRS 9083 and 9084, each $4.98.	Once again Vanguard has culled some exciting moments from the Newport Folk Festival; in fact, this two-album set bids fair to outshine its '59 counterpart. The balance and quality of sound are consistently superior, there is less duplication of previously recorded material, and, most important, an impression of greater unity and stability is achieved by the simple expedient of having fewer artists, with more time allotted to each. My vote for the liveliest talents represented in Volume II would go to Bob Gibson and Bob Camp, who join forces in a pair of ringingly fervent gospel songs, "Well, Well, Well" and "You Can Tell the World," while the Volume I seems to benefit most from the Irish temperament of Tom Makem, and the earthy, plaintive blues singing of John Lee Hooker.
"Stories in Song": William Clauson. "Get Along, Little Dogies," "Great Grand Folks," "The Nightingale," "The Dumb Wife," "The Sailor's Return," "I Never Shall Marry," "The Oyster Girl," "Cockles and Mussels," "The Ash Grove," five others. Capitol P 8539, $3.98.	Carl Sandburg once referred to William Clauson as "a Viking of song, one of the most colorful and versatile singers that I have ever heard"—and who am I to argue with Carl Sandburg? As a matter of fact, Clauson is one of the most listenable of folk singers, blessed with a strong, pleasing voice, a keenly developed sense of humor, and a repertoire that seems indefinitely expansible. Unfortunately, Clauson also has a tendency to let his natural exuberance run away with him at times, and several songs here suffer from a rather pronounced case of overdoingitis. "Lord Randall" especially, is so wildly exaggerated and "hammed up" that it becomes almost a travesty of itself. These few ballads excepted, though, the album remains a highly enticing musical package.
"Spirituals and Blues": Josh White. "Southern Exposure," "Red Sun," "Silicosis Blues," "Black Snake," "Things About Coming My Way," "I've Got That Pure Religion," "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen," "I Know King Jesus," "Just a Closer Walk with Thee," and "I Don't Intend to Die in Egypt Land." Elektra EKL 193, $4.98.	At last, the master has returned home. Without a chorus. Without slick arrangements. Without a host of assisting artists. Without all the other distracting elements that have cluttered up so many of his more recent recordings. And what a pleasure it is to welcome back the authentic Josh White, especially in this eloquent and unhackneyed concert of blues and Negro spirituals. With his expressive guitar and Bill Lee's rumbling string bass weaving a sinuous obbligato, Josh spins musical moods of many textures, ranging from the subdued bitterness of "Southern Exposure" to the exultant passion of "I Don't Intend to Die in Egypt Land." Josh White, Jr., adds an unobstrusive bit of harmony on the chorus of "I Know King Jesus."
"The Best of Ed McCurdy": "The Miller," "Jolly Roger," "Chilly Winds," "Thy Maidenhead," "The Fox," "Cindy," "Mrs. McGrath," "The Wee Cooper of Fife," "John Henry," "The Ploughman," "Old Joe Clark," "Lonesome Valley," "Good Morrow Gossip Joan," "A Branch of May," five others. Prestige 13002, $4.98.	Delivering "the best of Ed McCurdy" is a pretty tall order, since this Pennyslvania-born troubador is one of the most capable, versatile, and oft-recorded performers in the business. Nonetheless, this new album—McCurdy's first for the blossoming Prestige label—does manage to display a well-rounded picture of his manifold talents. Starting off with a raucous and slightly sardonic tale of a crotchety old miller, McCurdy proceeds to wend his musical way through such diverse offerings as a mellow English May Day carol, some lonely American blues, a rollicking children's ditty and, of course, a gently bawdy Restoration ballad. Dick Weissman provides string support on guitar and banjo.
"Behold Thou Art Fair": Netania Davrath. "Inbalim," "Shir Hanoded," "Roah Veroah," "Ve'ulai," "Ets Harimon," "Shir Hashomer," eight others. Vanguard VSD 2076 (Stereo), $5.95.	Netania Davrath has a truly beautiful voice, a voice marked by purity and grace and enhanced by musicianship of the highest order. Withal, this collection of ballads from her adopted homeland of Israel seems strangely pale. Each selection is finely molded, and many individual songs have a wonderfully languid quality, but, taken as a whole, Miss Davrath's performances are rather detached, almost too studied and elegant for these forceful songs of the sabras.
"Rakhel": "Yad Anuga," "Romances de la Guerra," "Edo," "Dachla Ayunik," "Havi Yayeen," "Los Bilbilicos," "Samyotisa," "Ta 'am Haman," "Shabat Shalom," "Vranyanka," five others. Monitor MFS 350 (Stereo), $4.98.	Rakhel Hadass is, I believe, making her recording debut with this interesting collection. Having spent her childhood in Greece, Lebanon, and Israel, she draws here from the musical well of these and other lands of the Eastern Mediterranean, thus tempering the more familiar diet of modern Israeli music with such exotic fare as a pair of delicately shaped Ladino songs (of the Spanish Jews-in-exile) and several other chants of Arabic or Yemenite origin. Vocally, Miss Hadass cannot compete with Netania Davrath—her singing is much less flexible and tends somewhat to stridency, especially in the more dynamic songs—but she is far more deeply immersed in the music, and consequently communicates with her listeners more persuasively.
"Rumanian Wedding": Various soloists and folk orchestras. "Peasants' Dance," "Old Man with a Grey Beard," "Dance from Pitesti," "At the Wedding," "Our Leana Is Marrying," nine others. Monitor MF 348, $4.98.	The roisterous, uninhibited peasant music of Rumania comes swirling to the fore in this exciting album. Ten fine native vocalists and various instrumental ensembles are featured, and all do full justice to the virile, Gypsy-tinged melodies. There is a certain lack of internal variety here—with a single, striking exception, the prevailing mood is almost invariably one of gay abandon—but for sheer vim and vigor, this disc would be hard to match. —ROBERT SHERMAN.

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with stereo) is a new starter in the small, highly specialized field of collectors' reissues. Like its predecessors, it obtains its wares in a manner that would be considered piracy in most other areas of publishing; having obtained an interesting disc originally brought out by Victor, HMV, Odéon or whatnot, it deticks it, filters out as much of the surface noise as possible, and releases it on its own label.

Victor and others concerned have so far turned an indulgent eye toward such things for two reasons. In the first place, the status of record copyrights is not altogether clear. Records were not covered by the international Berne Copyright Convention; when that document was drawn up, Emil Berliner, in Philadelphia, was prevailing on his long-suffering friend, the tenor Ferruccio Giannini, to sing into a mask-and-rubber-hose device to see whether sound could be recorded on a flat disc as well as an Edison cylinder. Hence record companies have elected to pay royalties in perpetuity rather than to press the copyright issue to a showdown, with the possible discovery that their costly catalogues have no protection at all.

Secondly, the collectors' market is a small, specialized field in which new issues are seized upon by an avid few, while the general record-buying public could not care less. Collectors' reissues have been brought out in editions as small as 500 copies, an amount no major record-maker could afford to bother with. The sheer administrative and plant costs of tooling up would outweigh any conceivable profit.

Collectors of old recordings, being antiquarians, are immensely conservative, resist change, and long refused to concede the existence of such a thing as LP. A scratchy, chipped original, being scarce and a collectors' item, was more highly prized than a noise-free LP reissue of the same disc.

Lately, however, the trend has been changing, as is shown by the small but steady stream of LP reissues finding their way to the market. And it has been found that among the best customers are those who already own the 78 rpm originals from which the reissues are made.

A man familiar with the thought processes of the antique record collector explained why: "They buy the LPs to play for their friends."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. chic. 2. cosmetic. 3. chronic. 4. cognac. 5. capitalistic. 6. classic. 7. critic. 8. comic. 9. calisthenic. 10. cherubic. 11. ceramic. 12. cynic. 13. charabanc. 14. cryptic. 15. chromatic. 16. colic. 17. catholic. 18. cleric. 19. catastrophic. 20. caustic. 21. cubic. 22. clinic. 23. cosmic. 24. caloric. 25. choleric.

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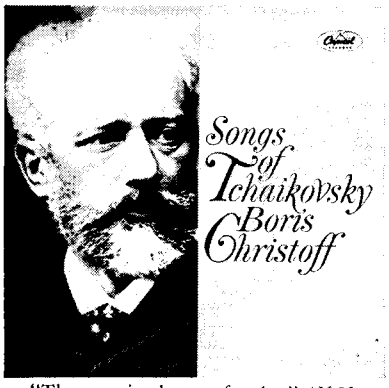

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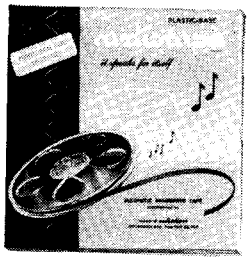

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Score Sheet on Haydn

By RICHARD FREED

ONE of the most exciting phenomena of the early days of LP was the veritable eruption of Haydn recordings, particularly those of previously unrecorded symphonies. Haydn's 104 (or more) symphonies must surely stand as one of the most remarkable achievements in music. Not merely because they are more numerous than those of any other composer, nor can every one of them be considered "important," but there is no other segment of the orchestral literature even half so vast that combines such high quotients of both immediate appeal and genuine substance. There is hardly one among the Haydn symphonies that is not marked by a high order of inventiveness, and one cannot cite a really comparable example of one composer's development of a musical form, unless, of course, it be the same composer's hardly less remarkable series of quartets.

Even the most obscure of the early symphonies are full of surprises, but what is most surprising is how few of the hundred-odd are available on records or at all familiar to us, especially since a decade ago it seemed certain that every one of them would be on records in time. Baroque "masterpieces" by Locatelli, Torelli, Albinoni, Manfredini, and Geminiani are served up by the dozen, but fewer than a third of the Haydn symphonies are offered now. The much lamented Haydn Society label alone introduced about thirty of the symphonies new to records, and at one time there were as many as sixty-eight in the catalogue. The current Schwann lists exactly thirty-one Haydn symphonies, and some of the big ones are among the missing.

All the "London" symphonies are well spoken for, of course. Sir Thomas Beecham and Hermann Scherchen have had their say on all twelve, with notable individual contributions by Ferdinand Leitner (whose Decca disc of Nos. 100 and 102 should head any list), Hans Rosbaud, Antal Dorati, Karl Münchinger, Mogens Wöldike, Ferenc Fricsay, George Szell, Bruno Walter, Pierre Monteux, Igor Markevitch, and the late Eduard van Beinum. Of the pre-London symphonies, the well loved No. 88 in G Major is present in five attractive versions; the splendid "Oxford" is less well represented than one would expect, with only two current recordings (an exceptionally beautiful one by Szell is among the seven deleted).

Of the wonderful "Paris" set (Nos. 82-87), only No. 85 in B flat ("La Reine de France") is still listed, although there have been lovely versions of the superior No. 82 in C ("The Bear"), the great No. 86 in D, and, in fact, the entire half-dozen. The glorious "Maria Theresia" (No. 48 in C) and the mellow No. 22 in E flat ("Der Philosoph") are no longer with us. Such treasures as No. 53 in D ("The Imperial"), No. 55 in E flat ("The Schoolmaster"), No. 67 in F and No. 80 in D minor are still available but in need of new recordings.

ACTUALLY, it is no exaggeration that almost all the deleted Haydn symphonies are of more than passing interest, many of them downright fascinating. Surely each justifies one current recording. The purpose of the appended discography is not to plump for the reissue of all the records listed—the sound is excellent on a few of them, but quite primitive on many—but only to present a meaningful picture of the magnitude of our loss.

Of the records whose sound is good enough for reissue, a few may still be found in the shops. The most recent deletion was Vox PL-10340, on which "The Bear" was beautifully played and recorded by Rolf Reinhardt and the orchestra of the Südwestfunk and coupled with an equally attractive "Farewell." Franco Caracciolo's Angel record of No. 86, one of the finest of all the pre-London symphonies, was withdrawn in mid-1959, after less than three years of circulation; the coupling was an "Oxford" superior to either of the two in the current lists (Angel 35325). These two records, of the two outstanding symphonies of the "Paris" set, are still more or less available.

Of the charming trilogy "Le Matin-Le Midi-Le Soir" (Nos. 6-7-8), only "Le Midi" is likely to turn up, and that in the Ormandy edition on Columbia, although in New York the Randolf on Remington (worth having for Robert Heger's marvelous reading of the Mozart 33rd) is by no means hard to find. The original "1000" series of Haydn Society records is only a memory now, but Mogens Wöldike's disc of Nos. 43 and 50 was re-issued in the later "9000" series, and is still in many shops

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as HS-9071. Wöldike's outstandingly brilliant account of the "Maria Theresia" on London, inexplicably discontinued both here and in England, is well worth whatever trouble it may take to find a copy, but chances are slim.

Both Jonathan Sternberg and Franz Litschauer turned in some satisfying performances for the Haydn Society. Nothing has been heard, phonographically, of Sternberg since his few Haydn and Bach records, but new recordings by him of "Der Philosoph" (singled out as Felix Weingartner's favorite Haydn), No. 28 (with a uniquely beautiful slow movement), No. 38 (a festive C major work in much the same cast as the "Maria Theresia"), and the dramatic No. 39 would be doing a service that would surely not go unrewarded. The Litschauer recordings stand up surprisingly well, but new versions would be more welcome than reissues.

Let us also have new recordings of "La Chasse," "La Poule," the splendid No. 77 in B flat, the sparkling No. 61 in D. The weakest of these symphonies are never less than ingratiating, many of them enormously stimulating. Personally, I shouldn't care to be without any of them.

Discography of Discarded Haydn

I. Symphonies

No. 1 in D (1759)

Jonathan Sternberg, Vienna Symphony Orchestra (with Nos. 13 & 28). Haydn Society HSLP-1001.

No. 6 in D ("Le Matin")

a. Franz Litschauer, Vienna Chamber Orch. (with No. 21). Haydn Society HSLP-1025.

b. Hans Weisbach, Bamberg Symphony Orch. (with No. 13). Mercury MG-10079.

No. 7 in C ("Le Midi")

a. Franz Litschauer, Vienna Chamber Orchestra (with No. 8). Haydn Society HSLP-1016.

b. Eugene Ormandy, Philadelphia Orchestra (with No. 45). Columbia ML-4673.

c. Karl Randolf, "Austrian Symphony Orchestra" (with Mozart Symphony No. 33 under Heger). Remington 199-71.

No. 8 in G ("Le Soir")

Franz Litschauer, Vienna Chamber Orchestra (with No. 7). Haydn Society HSLP-1016.

No. 13 in D ("Jupiter")

a. Jonathan Sternberg, Vienna Symphony Orchestra (with Nos. 1 & 28). Haydn Society HSLP-1001.

b. Hans Weisbach, Bamberg Symphony Orchestra (with No. 6). Mercury MG-10079.

No. 19 in D

Hans Weisbach, Bamberg Symphony

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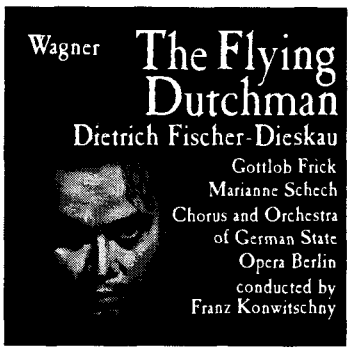

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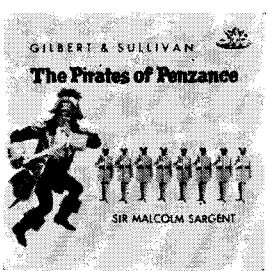

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Jonathan Sternberg, Vienna Symphony Orchestra (with No. 38). Haydn Society HSLP-1010.

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No. 89 in F
Hans Swarowsky, Vienna State Opera Orchestra (with No. 87). Haydn Society HSLP-1018.

Symphony in C Major (authenticity uncertain), edited by Fekete, Zoltan Fekete, Salzburg Mozarteum Orchestra (with Handel: Jephte Suite). Mercury MG-1066.

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THE AMEN CORNER

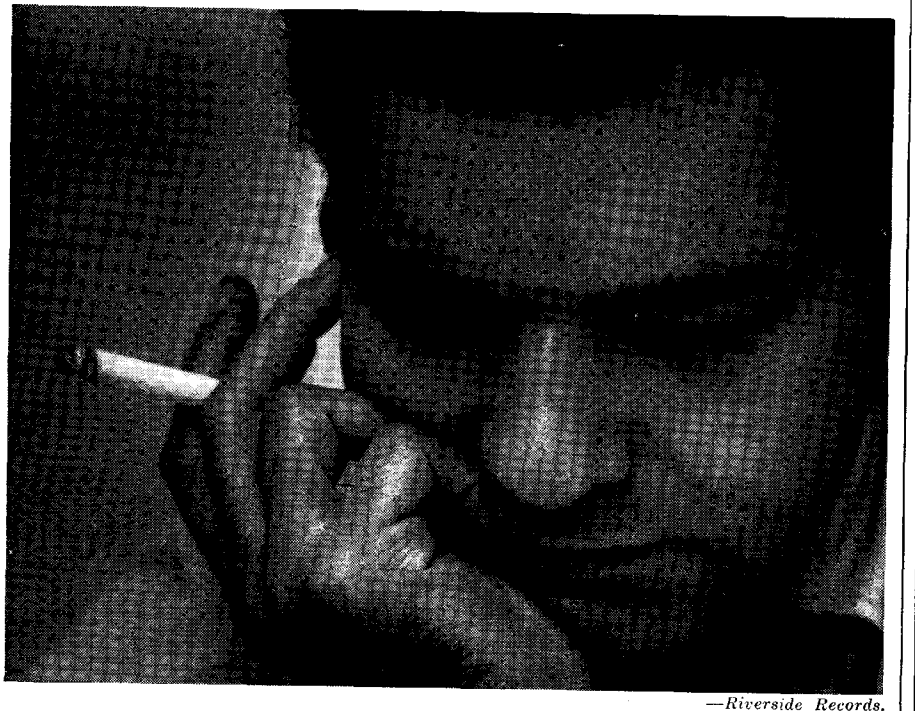
With Prejudice to Some

ANY reviewer of the arts, if he is honest with himself, will be bound to admit that he is a creature of prejudice. I do not mean by this, simply, that he knows the detached mind to be an impossibility, a friar's lantern, a *fata morgana*. I mean, on the other hand, something that may be definitely discreditable. He will admit in the privacy of his thought that he has certain bents, tastes, possibly raging appetites, which, if permitted free play, may work against any attempt he may make at measured appreciation and judgment. A man, say, with an ungovernable letch for baroque counterpoint may be inclined, for that among other reasons, to give altogether too short shrift to the beauties of Gustave Mahler.

In this general connection, I have from time to time been given to admitting, to those who I thought would not hold it against me, that I particularly like a jazz band that sounds like a jazz band. At first blush, this may seem like a singularly vague and witless statement, and I will enlarge on my meaning. The question obviously involves the nature of jazz. We continually hear it said that no one, so far, has been able to provide a satisfactory definition of jazz. This, of course, is a profoundly foolish statement. I pointed out as long ago as 1939 (in "American Jazz Music") that jazz *cannot* be defined in words because jazz is a musical language, and no language can be defined except in its own terms. The definition of the music of Debussy, which is a musical language, is the music of Debussy.

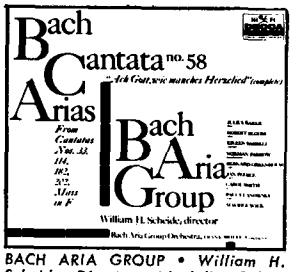
We may, however, talk about the various elements that are found in jazz, and I would say that the basic element in all jazz is the momentum achieved with suspended rhythms, which is often called jazz rhythm or "swing." I will go further and say that I am willing to call jazz any music that has the rhythmic character of "swing." I do not think that any attempt to narrow this entrance requirement will lead us anywhere except into a semantic morass. And, to be sure, we have had swinging music, generally accepted as jazz, produced by big bands and little, by clamorous brass and dulcet chamber sonorities, by scraping a washboard, by stroking an inflated rubber balloon. We have had jazz in all sorts of tone coloration, from brilliant efflorescence to spare, hard linearity, and in all sorts of melodic and harmonic textures, from folk cries to atonal composition.

When I speak of my special addiction —a jazz band that *sounds* like a jazz band—I hark back to the vaudeville theatres and phonograph records of my youth, where there were to be heard pioneers of the New Orleans and Dixieland styles. This, of course, meant a few horns and a rhythm section. It



—*Riverside Records.*

George Russell—"unusual fascinations."



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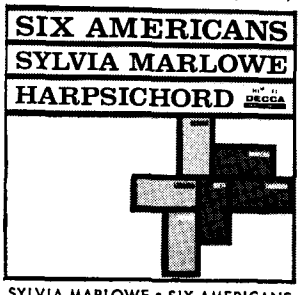

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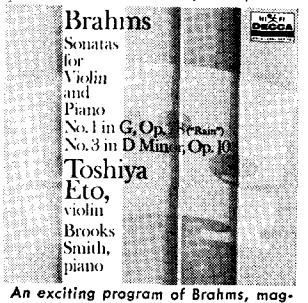

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meant brassiness, vigor, abandoned improvising, a wonderfully rhythmic concatenation the like of which, it was clear even to a growing boy, the world had never heard before. Thank heavens I can hear it still—and not only on vintage records or in the playing of Dixieland revival groups. Despite everything that has happened in jazz since the Twenties, the sound of the jazz band is still in the land.

The month affords one hallowed example of the old, and two admirable, and very different, examples of the new. Riverside records have completed their reissuing of the twenty-four historic Gennett sides by the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, the white group that taught Prohibition Chicago so much about the group-improvising New Orleans style. This second N.O.R.K. album of twelve 1922-23 sides is "Tin Roof Blues" (Riverside RLP 146). It features the acrid, driving trumpet of Paul Mares and the tailgate trombone swipes of George Brunies, the limpid clarinet of Leon Rappolo and the rolling saxophone rhythms of Jack Pettis. The ensemble impetus of this band suggests King Oliver's, and at least ten of the tunes are classics, including "Eccentric," "That's a Plenty," and "Tiger Rag." Considering the passage of forty years, the recorded sound is quite rewarding, but anyone likely to balk at such technicalities is scarcely aficionado.

Last October a veteran of the be-bop movement of the Forties (it has now become possible to refer to be-bop men as veterans) swung into action for an album that has been grandiloquently titled "The Resurgence of Dexter Gordon" (Jazzland JLP 29). Let that not deter lovers of cool prose. Gordon is a tenor saxophonist of strength and pliant invention and his lucid, finely inflected phrasing allows his musical thought to register (he is not, like so many, a flashy racer). His trumpet, Martin Banks, is subtle; his trombonist, Richard Boone, is an insidious teaser; and his rhythm section is a buoyant delight: Charles "Dolo" Coker, piano; Lawrence Marable, drums; and Charles Green, bass. The band works on original themes and harmonic lines by Gordon and Coker, and it sounds every measure a jazz band.

Another album title that may give pause is "Stratusphunk," by the George Russell Sextet (Riverside 341), but a moment's reflection should convince the wary that no pomposity was intended. The music of the album represents one of jazz's extreme wings. It is based on the pianist Russell's conceptions, revolving around the Lydian mode. I have no idea of the details of his system, and can only report that he seems to me to have developed a flexible idiom that he uses with engaging subtlety. There are also unusual fascinations in the improvising, such as trombonist Dave Baker playing in a beat at variance with his background. This is music which, clearly, must be tested with time, but Russell regards himself as deeply beholden to jazz tradition, and I am delighted to say that I hear in "Stratusphunk" an unmistakable jazz band. The other excellent musicians are Al Kiger, trumpet, Dave Young, tenor saxophone, Chuck Israel, bass, and Joe Hunt, drums. Finally, I would not want to pass along without calling attention to trombonist Baker's composition, "Kentucky Oysters," an earthy blues theme that has become a dazzling little waltz. That sounds like a jazz band, too.

—Wilder Hobson.

"Most men live lives of quiet desperation. Why don't you?"

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Smith

Continued from page 51

which they find suddenly becomes "very pianistic" when arranged for three hands. Rearranging original pieces like a Chopin Ballade, Smith fortunately regards as senseless. His plans to extend their repertoire have found enough rewarding material without resorting to Chopin's great works.

After mastering their renovations, the Smiths began to fear that both audiences and critics would attend their recitals only to satisfy their curiosity. This proved to be not quite the case, for soon after the initial performance critics realized that the standard of this novel duet was high enough to respect it without pity, and in 1958 the interesting piano team was accorded the great honor of appearing at a Royal Concert.

Of course, artists *are* good fighters, and the will to go on is strong. Cor de Groot, who recently lost the use of his right arm, continues in his career, and plans to record much of the two-handed repertoire *montage*, in which he will separately record the left-hand and right-hand parts, using the left hand for both and leaving the rest to the engineers. Yet Smith asserts that it would have taken more courage to quit than to try a new idea to sustain an art cultivated for so long. He admits a personal need for public appearances served as a strong factor in finding a new course in his work. Thus ambition, not courage alone, prompted his return to a musical career.

The Smiths may record some performances, and are much interested in doing this. As history repeats itself, their three-handed repertoire will be a legacy, should the need for it ever arise again. Smith's book is selling well, and he is engaged in another on pianism. Although he believes his illness represents a destiny, he has come to regard it as a challenge, not a disaster, and reflects that even when very young he fought with pleasure. Ridiculing testimonials of his recent courage, he states that his own self-defense, "even self-indulgence," were the main elements. "Courage" he reserves for the contralto Kathleen Ferrier, who dared to perform in public while dying painfully of cancer.

Things have turned out well for Smith, the right-handed pianist with a common name. Financially he is managing; he drives a car, takes photographs, and enjoys good food. He studies large quantities of pieces for himself and his students at the Royal Academy in London, answers countless letters, and is usually at work until 10 P.M. He lives comfortably in a garden house near Richmond Park. His studio is decorated with a few modest paintings, as well as more prosaic items like a large table clock, pleasant chairs and sofas, and there is a garden view from the three windows of his homely music room. There are, of course, two grand pianos (Blüthners) and a lute-virginal. The gallant and genial Mr. Smith little worries over the fact that his two children are not eager to practise the piano.

With Mr. Smith's case comes a reminder. There are some animals that miraculously adapt themselves after losing one important member of their corpus. In such cases the laws of compensation often produce means of replacement. Perhaps the same laws apply partially to pianists who have lost one arm. For the present—and as Smith explains, his conscience demands from him a most ambitious and competitive task to be enforced by his professional and personal pride—he is inspired by the fact that he can now concentrate all of his work into the development of one hand, while other pianists must divide their energy into the development of two. Thus Mr. Smith has decided that his right hand should become the best right of any pianist in his country. With this view, he does not mind leaving behind the task of all other virtuosos—their customary dream of perfecting their sinistral hand to an equal level with their dexter.

—*Jan Holeman.*

The Smiths (Phyllis Sellick) — "neither could bear audible wristwatches."

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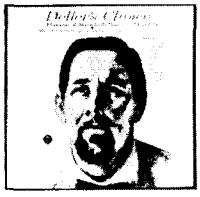

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

ENCORE, MICHELANGELI

YOUR SUPERLATIVE magazine has made me a victim of unrequited frustration!

Several months ago you ran a feature article on the great Italian pianist Michelangeli [*SR*, July 30]. With a birthday on its way I dropped my annual not-so-gentle hints to family and friends that certain of Mr. M.'s recordings mentioned would be more than welcome. Result? Four handsomely wrapped packages all containing the Ravel-Rachmaninoff IV coupling. To be sure, superb discs, one and all. But what about the other things (albeit few) he's recorded? The *SR* article and this one available pressing have really sharpened my desire for more—yet nary a further word from you, my record dealer, or Mr. Schwann. Any hope?

ROBERT F. ARENZ.

Portland, Ore.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Recordings Editor shares the hope of reader Arenz.*

"TREASURY" ON CANDID

THE JANUARY 14 issue of your magazine carried a superb review of the "Treasury of Field Recordings," featuring many of America's richest folk artists.

As the review pointed out, this album is presently obtainable only in England. We have made arrangements with the producers of this album to release the entire package in this country, on Candid Records, sometime in March.

Any readers who would like more information about the release can obtain this by writing to Candid Records, 119 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

BOB ALTSHULER.
General Manager,
Candid Records.

New York, N. Y.

IN RE VINCENT

OLIVER DANIEL'S piece in the January 28 issue is not so much a criticism of John Vincent's music as an attack on Huntington Hartford; and it does a serious injustice to Mr. Vincent and, incidentally, to the Huntington Hartford Foundation.

The undersigned holds no brief for Mr. Hartford's views on art; but he has been, more than once, a fellow in residence at the foundation, and has been greatly impressed by the obvious fact that Mr. Hartford exerts no influence whatsoever upon the choice of the artists who are granted fellowships or their work. Indeed, the undersigned has seen works produced there which would certainly arouse the contempt, if not the ire, of Mr. Hartford.

To imply, as Mr. Daniel plainly does, that the music of John Vincent, a reputable composer and the director of the foundation, was influenced by Mr. Hartford is as nonsensical as is Mr. Daniel's dictum that "to the avant-garde it will seem somewhat archaic." So will the music of Beethoven. Mr. Daniel is entitled, of course, to the expression of his opinion of such music, but he is not entitled to the expression of slanderous, unprovable implications: that John Vincent's music is influenced by the opinions of Huntington Hartford, or that Huntington Hartford influences any work produced under the aegis of the Huntington Hartford Foundation, an institution that performs a great service to artists of any stripe. Incidentally, this was written without the knowledge of Mr. Vincent or Mr. Hartford.

IRVING FINEMAN.

Shaftsbury, Vt.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The statement was based on information from Columbia records. The sponsor, according to Vincent, is not the Huntington Hartford Foundation but another, unnamed foundation.*

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CONCERNING ACOUSTICS

In your article "New Design for New Theatres" [*SR*, Jan. 28], there are statements by Dr. Wilhelm Jordan relative to the rules of acoustics for the design of opera houses and musical theaters.

1. It is agreed that the number of reflecting areas outside of the stage area should be of the greatest possible number. See 4 and 5 below.
2. There is much support of the theory that the stage room or end should be "live."
3. No comment.
4. No comment.
5. Auditorium reverberation time is dependent on cubic content, whether speech or music predominates and whether program is live or reproduced. In the latter case the required reverberation is in the recorded matter and requires dead auditorium characteristics.
6. Agreed.

In the five categories representing known work in acoustics we are not familiar with the knowledge of the Greeks with reference to sound distribution. It bothered the pioneers in theatre sound reproduction, however.

2. Professor Wallace Sabine (with an e) is credited in Watson's "Acoustics of Buildings" with a formulation of the essential factors of the acoustics of auditoria. Although rather old (1923), it is required reading for serious students of acoustics.
3. There is a subtle difference between intelligibility and articulation.
4. There probably has to be a choice between absorption and diffusion as resulting in a "sharper" or "softer" sound.
5. Rise time would again appear to dictate a choice of absorption or diffusion in auditorium characteristics.

"Broadcasting Studio Acoustics," by S. K. Wolf and C. C. Potwin, indicates that the stage or performing end of a studio should be live. This is reasonable inasmuch as the entire performing end should be of such a nature, acoustically, as to give the optimum reverberation time for a room the size of the stage. The auditorium should be designed for optimum absorption approaching that of outdoors. The latter seems rather drastic and it is possible that a diffusion compromise may be more desirable.

Pierce J. Aubry.

Tulsa, Okla.

WAR ABOUT WORDS

Frederick Blumberg's know-it-all comments on the use of "War Between the States" in the "Deseret" show cause this reasonably objective Southerner to wonder why it is that Northern intellectuals still swallow, hook, line, and sinker, the propaganda phrase "Civil War." The war was between the Federal Government and a Confederation of States, and the only accurately worded name would be something like "Secessionary War." "War Between the States" is as bad as "Civil War," so far as accuracy is concerned.

Cameron Plummer.

Mobile, Ala.

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(Continued on page 72)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

(Continued from page 71)

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Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Resembling a small fragment.	57 54 79 106 136 168 7 150 128
B. Group of stock certificates for less than 100 shares each (2 wds.).	130 65 73 121 145 68
C. Persistent, anxious, preoccupation with an idea or emotion.	84 176 146 185 175 152 133 53 60
D. Avow.	19 180 126 166 184 33 17
E. Medical term for caustic.	96 171 101 30 58 35 78 52 118 37
F. Son of Zeus and Europa, made a judge of souls in the underworld (Gk. myth.).	20 26 155 187 6 1 164 99 129 183 137 93
G. Important part of a horse race or of hunting (2 wds.).	94 195 124 108 50 127 15 86 157
H. Proceed in direct lines from.	140 81 115 67 51 8 27
I. Not deserving (something).	167 113 188 107 24 143 201 199
J. Gathering; assembling.	148 21 88 147 122 59 82
K. Describing a peculiar, very common, style of walking, esp. by the bow-legged (comp.).	44 116 135 36 179 64 156 2 23 173
L. An April day glorified by Longfellow.	83 10 194 189 18 181 31 119 49 69
M. The disentangling and laying parallel of fibers.	62 177 198 125 48 134 100
N. A village headman in old Russia.	160 29 87 72 61 103 25 34
O. Followed by Word P, popular newspaper-strip character, around whom a play was built (circa 1903-4).	5 109 85 92 178 22
P. See Word O.	165 102 41 14 97 151 200
Q. Ostracized; not admitted to a share (3 wds.).	28 90 196 98 162 39 104
R. Hybrid, usually rather despised.	197 46 203 114 16 40 192
S. Want of self-confidence.	182 56 12 172 89 193 138 55
T. The second most-frequently-observed comet.	95 149 42 144 154 13 74
U. Wriggles on the sides of vessels to divert water from air ports (Warning: entirely familar word!).	163 43 204 169 45 105 66 76
V. Little *Hippocampus hudsonius* of the Atlantic coast (2 wds.).	161 170 142 38 71 80 117 4
W. Describing the hosts when guests who overstay their welcome finally go (comp.).	191 70 110 120 63 139 158 75 131
X. Briefly (French).	174 186 91 202 123
Y. Escapes by use of skill, dexterity, or contrivance.	141 111 190 153 159 11
Z. Specifying too costly a victory.	47 132 32 3 9 112 77

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 F	2 K	3 Z	4 V		5 O	6 F	7 A	8 H	9 Z		10 L	11 Y		12 S	13 T
	14 P	15 G	16 R	17 D	18 L		19 D	20 F	21 J	22 O	23 K	24 I		25 N	26 F	27 H	
28 Q	29 N	30 E	31 L	32 Z	33 D		34 N	35 E	36 K		37 E	38 V	39 Q	40 R	41 P	42 T	43 U
	44 K	45 U	46 R	47 Z	48 M	49 L	50 G	51 H	52 E	53 C	54 A	55 S		56 S		57 A	58 E
59 J	60 C	61 N	62 M		63 W	64 K	65 B		66 U	67 H	68 B	69 L		70 W	71 V	72 N	73 B
74 T		75 W	76 U		77 Z	78 E	79 A	80 V	81 H	82 J	83 L	84 C	85 O	86 G		87 N	88 J
	89 S	90 Q	91 X	92 O	93 F		94 G	95 T	96 E		97 P	98 Q	99 F	100 M		101 E	102 P
103 N	104 Q	105 U	106 A		107 I	108 G		109 O	110 W	111 Y	112 Z	113 I	114 R		115 H	116 K	117 V
118 E	119 L	120 W	121 B	122 J	123 X	124 G	125 M		126 D	127 G	128 A		129 F	130 B		131 W	132 Z
133 C	134 M	135 K		136 A	137 F	138 S		139 W	140 H	141 Y	142 V	143 I		144 T	145 B	146 C	147 J
	148 J	149 T	150 A	151 P	152 C		153 Y	154 T	155 F	156 K	157 G		158 W	159 Y	160 N	161 V	
162 Q	163 U	164 F	165 P	166 D	167 I	168 A		169 U	170 V	171 E	172 S	173 K	174 X	175 C		176 C	177 M
178 O	179 K	180 D	181 L		182 S	183 F	184 D		185 C	186 X	187 F		188 I	189 L	190 Y	191 W	
192 R	193 S	194 L	195 G	196 Q		197 R	198 M	199 I		200 P	201 I	202 X	203 R	204 U			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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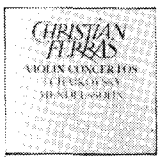

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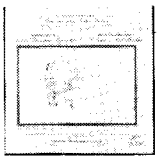

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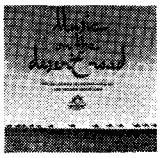

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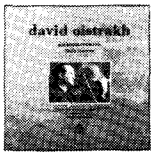

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